







MISS MAE MCKENZIE, DEACONESS  
(*The Morning-Glory*)

THE  
**Morning-Glory**



BY CORA GANNAWAY WILLIAMS



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BY  
CORA GANNAWAY WILLIAMS

**On**

**MY BEAUTIFUL MOTHER**

WHOSE EYES  
WILL SOME DAY  
LIGHT THE GLORY LAND  
I LOVINGLY DEDICATE THESE  
WORDS

**(3)**



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## INTRODUCTION

I HAVE read with delight the 'Morning-Glory,' and recognize under its slightly changed name the life story of Miss Mae McKenzie, the Deaconess of the lumber camp of Crossett, Ark., of whose beautiful life and work I had known. In short, this story was written at my request, as I was impressed by what it would mean for many to know of the fruit of one beautiful life dedicated to Christ where most needed. I had known Miss McKenzie during her years of training at the Scarritt Bible and Training School, and was prepared to learn of her subsequent great usefulness.

Mrs. Dr. F. M. Williams, the gifted writer of this story, could not speak without deep emotion of the fragrance of Miss McKenzie's life work exhaled at every fireside in Crossett; and so I begged her to return there after the annual meeting of the Little Rock Conference Home Mission Society until she could catch and reproduce the local color of the lumber camp

which would be necessary to reproduce the life and work of the Deaconess who wrought there.

I commend the charming and inspiring story, which must make all our pulse-beats quicken with a desire to wisely invest our lives.

EUGENE R. HENDRIX.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.

## FOREWORD

IN attempting to portray the life and work of Mae McKenzie, Deaconess of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, fancy betook me to her realm and plucked a bouquet from her garden of romance and imaginings, leaving but the cords of truth that bind the blossoms.

Whatever of good is found in the character of the "Morning-Glory" may be attributed to the real character, Mae McKenzie, whose life made this little story possible.

MRS. F. M. WILLIAMS.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK., April, 1910.

(9)



# *The Morning-Glory*

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## CHAPTER I

### *THE MILL TOWN*



T was a happy day for the mill town of Floss when May Kenny stepped from the small, plain coach that ran on the narrow-gauge road that brought all the supplies to the employes of the Floss Lumber Company.

The preacher, the postmaster, the hotel man, and the merchant watched the little engine puff and blow as if it felt that it had been overburdened by its extra load of one passenger—and she such a wee thing—besides the usual supplies of meat and meal, bacon and beans, overalls, and all other things necessary to the life of an isolated lumber camp.

The spectators were about to forget the little mite that wore the plain black dress with white tie strings, collar, and cuffs; but when

the preacher looked around he met a kindly smile that told him she forgave him for the momentary forgetfulness in the presence of the one medium of the week by which they heard from the outer world—the weekly train on the L. and T. Road to the lumber camp in Arkansas, where nearly a thousand souls were shut in from the world at large.

The wonder is that all the inhabitants of Floss did not turn out to see this weekly train; but at this hour of the day all the men were at the mill or in the woods. The preacher's wife had not come yet—as there was no parsonage, of course, and a suitable place had not been found. The teacher, with much restraint, held the handful of children to their books, some needing the nursery far more than the primer; but it was convenient for the mothers for the children to go to school. Mrs. Regent had not returned from her visit to her father, and some feared she never would; and Mrs. Bright was cleaning up for the newcomer, these two being the only female members of this mill town family who could indulge in the luxury of seeing the train come in.

The preacher took her handbag and said: “ ‘Tis but a step to Sister Bright’s; and some of the men will bring your trunk over after the mill closes. I’m ‘batching’ until after wife comes.”

He had really not noticed the beautiful light in her eyes till she drew a deep breath and said: “O, the breath of the pines seems restful and healing. May my mission here be but the story of the pines—to refresh and to cure! For there were tired hands and hearts in Floss, and many sore spots to be healed.

After a short walk over ground newly cut of its trees, both large and small, leaving just enough of the younger growth to take away the glare of a September sun in a Southern clime, they reached Sister Bright’s house (?). Yes, it was a house. It had two rooms, although one was a “lean-to,” and both were stripped on the outside. She was at the door; for by this time she had washed enough dishes for dinner, and had pushed the pile of dirty clothes under the bed so they were not so noticeable as they were in the corner, and an unironed sheet assumed the dignity of bedspread. On the

crowded table, where were some papers, a Bible, a broken-mouthed pitcher containing her "specs" and a writing pen that was rarely used, a sunbonnet, apron, and a checked waist, was a bunch of flowers that had lived through the heat of summer, tightly squeezed into a tumbler half filled with water. That to Mrs. Bright was the best preparation she could make for her new boarder—for she occasionally kept a boarder till other arrangements could be made (which was usually very speedily done)—but the flowers told a story of welcome, a story of kindness of heart hidden behind the poor house-keeping in particular, and seeming carelessness in things in general.

"Well, come right in, honey. You look mighty little to do anything with the strong men of this here camp; but I guess them women knowed what they was doin' when they sont you here," she said in her drawling, nasal tones, nevertheless giving her a hearty hand-shake and a kiss plump on the cheek before May Kenny knew it. "I allus like to be kissed when I'm lonesome; and I dare say you are a bit lonesome in this here strange place—and me

about the onliest woman you'll be seein' much for some time." After untying the strings of the little bonnet and laying it with a bit of tenderness on the bed, she looked the newcomer over again and said: "I do declare; and you are the Deaconess! I thought you'd be big—like my man Jim, almost—and so strong-like you could whup a man if he didn't do just right; but you be the littlest, delicatest, woman what's ever been to this camp, and I am afeard you can't do much with sich men as Josh Strong and Bill Bimes and them. But I tell you now, I'll do the fightin' for ye if ye have any to do."

The little Deaconess was almost overwhelmed with this interpretation of her work; but with a sweet smile said: "Why, Mrs. Bright, I have not come to fight your people, but to help them by loving them; and we shall do great things through Him who said, 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit.' "

The noonday meal was wholly characteristic of Mrs. Bright; for with her lack of the conventionalities that mark a cultured woman she possessed the iron and grit of true woman-

hood, so her meal was wholesome if not attractive.

"Turnip greens is a good tonic, I allus heerd; and fall greens is specially good to keep off chills. The doctor says they's miasmy about so much underbrush, and we have to be kinder keerful like; but there's some poached eggs for ye if ye don't take to greens. And I kilt my prettiest speckled pullit, and she a-layin' ever' day, so help yerself. I hope ye can eat."

As she was doing all this talking Mrs. Bright poured out a glass of rich buttermilk, and turned the glass of flowers so the petunias and phlox would be opposite May's plate.

"I see you love flowers," said May. "Have you no children, Mrs. Bright?"

"Yes, I do love flowers; they seem kinder like folks to me—better'n some folks. They jist bloom along and give out their sweet scents, and never say anything mean about anybody. And they jes' seem to love you for everything you do for them. Children? O, yes. Me and my first husband had two, and they died; me and my second husband had two, and they died; and me and my third husband had three, and

they died; and me and the rest of 'em—we ain't had no more. I reckon the good Lord knew best when he took 'em away, 'cause I've had kind of a hard time, and little babies are so much like angels they need a tenderer care than I could give 'em. That's the reason I never have any of these little tender flowers: they allus die for me—sich things as lace moss, heliotrope, and begonias. Jes' give me bachelor's buttons, prince's feathers, hollyhocks, and phlox, and petunias do beat all for dry weather. They jes' bloom and bloom, and tell me over and over again about my little children up in heaven jes' a-pickin' flowers all the time prettier than them."

Seeing the shadow that had fallen across the dear old face, May asked about the mill and the camp and how she liked this life. Whereupon the old lady told how some one must bear hardships for the pleasures of others—pleasures resulting from toil and hardship borne by some one at the other end of the line. The man in the hold of the vessel while the passengers swiftly ride the waves at ease, the engineer at the throttle while the sleepers enjoy the palace

car, the endurer of the heat of the furnace that electric fans, cars, and machinery may run —how quickly the world at ease forgets the other half that makes these comforts possible.

Mrs. Bright and the other men and women at Floss were living this narrow, isolated life that Milady in some distant city might have her drawing-room fitted up in elegance, or that others might ride in beautiful carriages made of the material therefrom.

Until certain improvements in machinery could be made, there were several places of great danger to life and responsibility. Jim Bright was a fearless fellow and one wholly reliable when at work; therefore the Company counted much on him. But with his 225 pounds of avoirdupois and brawny muscle, Jim Bright was a weakling, for a monster fastened itself upon him and destroyed his will. That monster was the liquor habit. With all his efficiency for mill service, when Jim was overcome by this thirst for drink his part of the work must go undone; and he was as helpless as a babe. Thus the finger was laid upon one of the sore spots of Floss—a sore to be healed by

the oil of love, poured by the hand of the woman with the white tie strings on her bonnet.

When the evening shades began to fall, May said she would take a little walk and look around her new home; so she left the little house with her mind full of the new things about her, and her heart longing for the loved ones she had left.

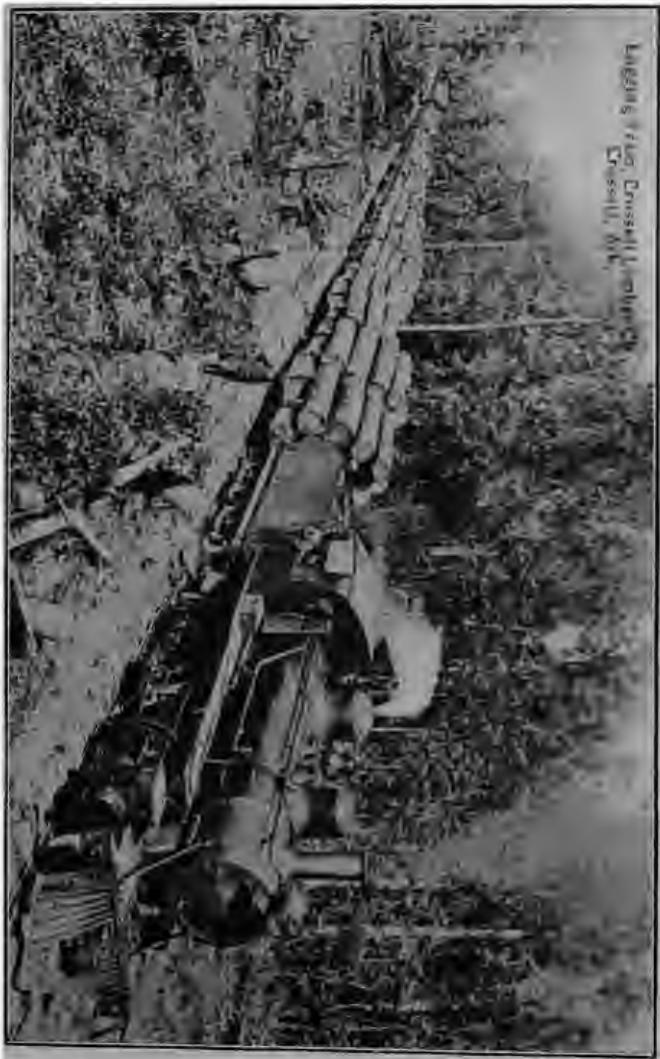
The heavy buzz of the mill was gradually dying with the sun as the last rays peeped through the trees as he slipped away to his grave for the night. Inside the mill was hurry and bustle incident to the closing; outside was the gray plank wall that kept many secrets of wounds to soul and body from the outside world. This side the mill was the supply store, low but covering much ground, for everything needful to the camp was bought there. Tents were scattered thickly about, some grouped with regularity but many pitched with no thought but to be away from the others. Here and there was a small house. Beyond was the wood, acre after acre, mile after mile of trees—trees of all sizes from the tiny sprig at your feet to the majestic monarch of the forest which in

his heart boasted the longest life of all his neighbors around.

As she walked she mused more than said: "I have always wanted to go to the foreign field for mission work, and could not; to-day finds me in service in my own land. But isn't this foreign to me, or isn't this as needy of help? and can I not serve Him just as truly as if I'd sailed across the watery seas instead of this sea of wood, and find souls that need help, the same as in heathen lands? 'Twere easier to tell one of a true God than to reconcile one who has strayed away; my task is hard, but I can 'do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.' "

That night as Bill Bimes and Josh Strong walked back to their tent (for they had brought up the trunk from the little stationhouse), Bill said: "I thought angels allus wore white, but seems like we've jest seed one dressed in black."

The men went to bed without their usual round of gambling and vile words. Somehow, they felt like some spirit hovered about them that made them think of the far-away days when they were better and the world seemed kinder



ההרים הרים כרמל, נס ציונה, ישראל



to them; for it was this unrest and lack of fellowship between employer and employee that made the Company resort to the last means of overcoming the evil that pervaded their camp—that of employing a deaconess, as their visitor had suggested.

Next morning Jim Bright said: "Ma"—he called her "ma," although none of the dead children were his—"she looks like a mornin'-glory to me. You know they climb around anything that gives them support, and then jes' hide it all with purty blossoms. I believe she's the Floss Lumber Company's mornin'-glory."

Thus did May Kenny enter upon her mission at the mill town of Floss, where the felling of trees, the buzzing of saws, and the need of human hearts had marked a center of activity in the world—perhaps not so attractive or seemingly powerful, but as necessary to the progress of the world as any commodity we possess. For who could imagine a world without wood and its varied products? For building the ships that ride the seas, the trains that carry the commerce of the world, the homes we live in, the fuel we burn, the furniture we enjoy, and its

many other uses make the lumber camp an enterprise worthy our best consideration. Even more may be said of the buried lives in cotton mills and factories; but as the kind, good Father heard the deep cry of Israel when in bondage of mortar and brick, and raised up a deliverer, so the cry of other ages has reached his ear, and delivery will come in his name.

Two nights before her entrance upon her duties as deaconess at Floss, May Kenny stood at the door of the old home and said good-by to the only one who had ever claimed a place in her heart in that way known to all women, and cherished as the love that lightens labor.

“Yes, George, I must go,” she said. “I feel the call; and although I love you, I cannot marry you, for you will not give yourself to God. I feel impelled to do this work.” She listened not to his pleadings to give up the work she had chosen while he was away; but bade him good-by hastily to keep from weakening in her purpose.

While George Gaylor had stoutly refused to entertain any religious thought, he ardently loved the little woman he had just bade adieu,

and her image was sufficient enthronement for his worship.

May Kenny felt that she must be true to her purpose and heed the call of the voices that called her in the years agone, but whose voices had resounded till the echo fell upon her ear from those about her in the home land; so she put from her the vision of marital joys and sacrificed a life of gayety in the society world to follow the lowly Nazarene. Did not Moses suffer the affliction of his people rather than be called the son of Pharoah's daughter? and was not the Saviour of mankind the great sacrificial gift of the whole world?

Who has not written in her heart the story of a love over which she ponders in the long hours of the night when sleep betakes itself to realms unknown? or who has not on memory's wall the picture of a face that is the light of the world when all else is dark? So there was not only a lonely heart in Arkansas that first night at the camp, but in Southern Georgia in a manly bosom there throbbed a heart lonely and sad for the light that had gone from his life.

## CHAPTER II

### *THE SEPARATION*



EXT morning after the parting of George Gaylor and May Kenny, George said to his aunt at the breakfast table (for his parents had been dead many years, and he made his home with an aunt of whom he was very fond): "Auntie, I have changed my plans. I am going away again. When a fellow once gets started on the run, it is hard for him to be satisfied long at one place. I find the work that I expected to take up not ready for me, for the death of Mr. Brown keeps his funds tied up for two years in court, and he was the largest investor; so I have decided to take another jaunt. I hardly know where, but you can address my letters to Galveston, general delivery. I will be there awhile, and will leave directions to have my mail forwarded. You know I will be all right, so you needn't hear from me very often. "I am going this evening—and, dear auntie, could you pack a roving fellow's trunk

for him? I'll tackle the suit case, for there are a few things I want right with me. I must see some people to-day; so I won't be home to lunch, but will be up about four o'clock."

"George," said his aunt, "I am sorry you are going away so soon. I had hoped you were home to stay, and that some day you and that sweet May Kenny would marry and be happy in your own home. I'm getting old now, and you will need somebody else to love you."

"Well, little mother," as he often tenderly called her, "I rather hoped that too, but I guess I am booked for a bachelor. Don't you think I'd make a pretty good one?" not once hinting at the deep disappointment in his heart.

"I hope that this will be your last journey, and that you will come home satisfied to settle down and make dear old Georgia your home," said Aunt Emily. "I'll have everything ready for you if you must go."

Hastily arranging his business affairs, George was at his aunt's promptly at four o'clock; and with an early but sumptuous dinner they enjoyed the sweet companionship that had been theirs for so long, but interrupted of late years

by his travels. Fortune had smiled beneficently upon this son of the South, and plenty greeted him at every turn.

When Mrs. Ross knew that her boy, as she called him, was going away, she went at once to pack his trunk and prepare for him a good meal, as the mother of the house is so prone to do—show her love by a sumptuous feast. All of the favorite dishes of his childhood were found at that evening meal, not the least of which was the chess cake which Aunt Emily alone knew just how to make to perfection.

With tenderest affection he told his “little mother” good-by, promising that this should really be his last long journey.

As the two trains sped along, one to the North and the other to the South, separating more and more two hearts that beat as one, the ever-widening space seemed but a reflection of the ever-increasing vacancy in each heart.

Arriving in Galveston on the same day that a large immigrant vessel was expected, George joined the crowd to the pier to see the interesting sight of its landing. Who can describe the feelings experienced by watchers when a ship

comes in? There are weary watchers for loved ones from whom they have had no word since they said good-by months before and left them to God and the waves. Friend waiting for friend, lover for loved one, tradesmen for their wares, but no one to welcome the hundreds and thousands of strangers who, with their strange packages and strange clothing, are coming to a strange land to make their future home. From fabulous tales they think they have reached the "flowery beds of ease" upon which they can be carried all over the wonderland of America. What more pitiful sight could be imagined than that which met George Gaylor's eyes that September evening as the sun was losing himself in the watery waste before him, flooding the sky and water with a glorious light that betokened a light that would never grow dim, a light that was the Son himself? Never before had God felt so near to George and man so far away. In pity all his heart went out to the hundreds who, with anxiety written on their faces, went hurrying to and fro, looking wildly here and there as for some familiar face or kind, outstretched hand; but besides the of-

ficial who gave the rigid examination and necessary directions no one stood to help or greet the throng. A million of these foreigners land on our shores every year, with facilities far inadequate to meet the needs, leaving them to seek the poorest and worst parts of the city in which they land, feeding the mill that grinds out our quota of criminals each year, or falling into the hands of swindlers who tell them of splendid places, getting all their savings but giving nothing in return. Many young girls, hearing of the high wage for work, come alone, only to be met by the shark who traffics in human lives at the cost of souls.

Did May tell him she was giving her life to home missions? What greater need could there be for missions than here? And other seaports must be the same. When George Gaylor tried to sleep that night, it seemed that thousands were looking at him, crying piteously for help, the most pathetic scene being the young mother with her babe sitting by her little bundle all the night through, fearing to miss the husband who had come several months before to prepare a home, she not knowing till the next

day that his life was counted in the round number of dead in the last mine explosion. In his dream she faded away as so often they do when, with broken hearts, life is bartered and they slip into eternity and the world knows it not. O the sad, unwritten stories of Blackwell Island and its counterparts!

Men and women of the Church, arouse ye and give Christian help to those of the nations who touch our shores on the East, South, and West, and who are to be the future citizens of America!

We shall not attempt to follow George in his wanderings, but entrust him to God and the mercy of the waves as he sails over the ocean blue, seeking, as thousands do, ease for a troubled spirit which could find rest on the breast of Him who says: "Come unto me,

and I will give you rest." One day at Liverpool, witnessing an American vessel coming into port, he was impressed with the contrast in the class of people on board to the scene he had witnessed in Galveston—these well-dressed, intelligent, well-to-do sightseers or students seeking to pursue their courses in music, art,

or medicine, spending their hundreds and thousands of dollars each year; and the immigrants landing in America poor, ignorant, and unkempt, to be assimilated into our civilization, either beclouding or adding to its clearness as the drop of ink or the clear water affects the pure water in the glass before you.

## CHAPTER III

### *THE GEORGIA HOME*



N Southern Georgia, where the grass grows greenest, the flowers bloom sweetest, and the birds sing happiest, twin sisters were playing one day under the shade of a magnolia tree. Beside the shell-bordered walk lay the large Newfoundland dog, and nearer the old-fashioned house stood the negro girl, both guard and playmate of the little girls. Did an unfriendly form appear, Rex at once inquired if he were friend or foe; and with no thought of protection to himself, ever guarded the safety of his twin owners, May and Maud. Sally, the maid, was more of a playmate than a servant, and bore with acquiescence the brunt of childish squabbles for the kindness she was sure to enjoy at other times.

“O Maud, what are you going to be?” said May when the things were all arranged for a good hour’s play.

“Why, I’m going to be a mamma just like our mamma. When I grow big I’m going to

marry Elmer Joy; and we will live in a big house and, O, be so happy. What are you going to be when you are a big woman?"

"Let me tell you, little sister [the few minutes' difference in the birth of the little girls giving May the privilege of seeming much older], I'm going to be a missionary. The other day I put the big shell by the step yonder to my ear (and you know they say the shell tells the story of the sea); and in the deep murmur I could hear the voices of millions moaning because they had no living God, and were dying without a loving Saviour. When I am grown, I'll sail over this great sea and tell them about *our* God."

With that a light shone in her eyes that Maud had never seen before; and of a sudden her face grew white, and Maud said: "Sister, what is the matter?"

"Something went 'thump' in my breast, then stopped still. It must be my heart, and I am tired. I guess we worked too hard making the playhouse ready. Let's go in and rest awhile," said May.

When that early autumn day closed, and

marked another milestone in the lives of the little girls—for they were twelve that day—May Kenny had been transformed into the realm of womanhood; for she had seen a vision, a vision of a lost world, with its people crying out in the dark for help and restoration to a loving Father. Henceforth she would give her life for her fellows; for to her had come the message: “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

The days and months sped quickly; for when one has a purpose, time speeds on swifter wings than to the one who drags out his days with no aim in view. All things point to the one great purpose of life; hence our men of vision have given to the world a glimpse of the vast expanse that has been theirs.

The school days at home were soon ended; for with diligence she applied herself, and finished at sixteen.

Then came the hardest trial of her life, when she must leave home to pursue the studies she craved; but happily a near-by city claimed the oldest female college in our country, and whose high degree of scholarship elicited the esteem of

all educators. So with the vision of the days before her, she strongly bade adieu to the dear ones at home.

It was a sad day in the Kenny home when the little old-fashioned trunk bore away all the personal belongings of the one who was the heart's-ease of the household. Whatever trouble arose, May was the one to pour oil on the troubled waters and bring order out of any confusion.

Little sister was left behind; for the delicate mother could not spare both her daughters, and Maud seemed the little housekeeper of the two.

That night when May lay down to sleep for the first time without her twin sister she felt lost, and a sense of loneliness that she had never before known crept into her heart; and with head buried in her pillow, she cried herself to sleep, as many a lonely schoolgirl has done before and since.

As the sun crept through the white-curtained window of Wesleyan College next morning, May awoke, dreaming of the day when she and Maud were under the magnolia tree, and she heard the call to service. It had been her sad pleasure to keep flowers on the grave of poor Rex, who had

died shortly after that day. Sally had married the gardener's boy, and had gone to housekeeping, it being one of the pleasures of her last year at home to steal away with little sister and enjoy some of Sally's delicious cookies just as she took them from the oven. They so often happened in on a cooky day.

Sally's mother had been with the Kennys ever since she could remember, being of the aristocracy of the colored race that deemed it disgraceful to "leave Missus jes' 'cause dey could." No, she didn't "want no better home 'an she allus had;" so Sally was one of the rare type of genteel negroes whose home was neat and clean in its general appearance, and whose inmates were clean and virtuous in their lives.

Soon May adjusted herself to her new surroundings, and quickly crept into the hearts of teachers and pupils; and it was not long before she was the comforter of all troubled hearts. As the flower naturally turns to the sun for light and heat, so all troubled hearts turned to her for comfort. For in her face beamed the light that "shone more and more unto the perfect day," reflecting on each one who came in

contact with her the “peace which passeth all understanding.”

Besides the necessary routine of school life and its annual opening and closing exercises, but two incidents worthy of special mention will be given. First, a visit to the capital city under most pleasing circumstances; second, a great sorrow that first came into her life. Of the visit to Atlanta, a former pupil and teacher of Wesleyan had become an officer in the Woman’s Home Mission Society, whose Board was in session in that city.

A favorite tree on the college campus, the mock orange, which was the early spring bride of all the garden, had been destroyed; but enough of its fiber had been preserved to make a mallet or gavel. This had been beautifully wrought, and, with loving greetings from Wesleyan, was presented by May Kenny to this body. At this meeting May’s vision was not only enlarged but intensified; so she saw that her own home needed workers. Were the foreigners really coming to our country a million a year, and no Christian hand to grasp them as they enter our ports? Were the Japanese and Chinese here by the

thousands, and in their Buddhist temples worshiping heathen gods? Were there children in the cities who absolutely lived upon the streets, annually furnishing inmates for jails and penitentiaries from their lives of crime? Are there women and girls sold in our own Christian land as slaves for men? Are there thousands of mountain girls and boys who do not know how to read, or that Christ died for them? Are there thousands of unfortunate girls wandering, foot-sore and weary, begging for a place to go to quit a life of sin or outlive a great misfortune? Are there numbers of our ministers receiving less than a living, dwelling in tents and dug-outs without sufficient clothing to keep them warm?

After a realization of all this need she said: "O, who ever knew that there was so much sorrow and heartache in our own beautiful land? I wish I was a happy child again, playing in the yard with little sister, Rex, and Sally. But, list! Is there a difference between trouble abroad and trouble at home, sin in the Orient and sin in America? I was willing to go abroad to tell

the story of God's great love; shall I deny them at home?"

After hearing the call for workers and seeing six happy-faced deaconesses consecrated by Bishop Hendrix (for the order of deaconess had just been created, and these were the first in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South), May decided that she would give herself to the home field. So with a pledge in her heart and a purpose not to be denied, she returned to school to finish her course.

One morning during her last term a teacher drew her tenderly aside and said: "May, you have always been the joy of our school, but it is my sad duty to bring you a great sorrow." She read the message which had been sent in her care, fearing that she might be overcome with grief if alone: "Come home; mother fell asleep this morning. Maud." The ominous envelope of yellow, with its sad, hasty message, had come to her as it had to many others, leaving in its abrupt way the imprint of a great sorrow, with no word of comfort.

Her face paled, the corners of her mouth drew down, her eyes closed, and for a while kind Na-

ture spared her the consciousness of her great sorrow. With difficulty the teacher restored her; but she finally rallied, and began at once to prepare for her departure. May knew it was good-by for all time; for she was needed in the home, and no duty was ever shirked when she knew it was hers.

Every one in the college felt a personal loss in the going of May, and truly was her sorrow theirs.

With a fortitude and strength undreamed of she went through those dark days with a light from another world, because of others who needed her comfort and courage. Mother had sweetly dropped off to sleep to awake in heaven, just as she wanted to go, without being a care to any one; and she knew it was well with her. Now her father and little sister leaned upon her as they had never done before, the brothers now men and gone away; and she gently but firmly led them through the mists to the clear light of resignation and faith in Him who is the Life and the Resurrection.

Three years were thus spent in the home, now made sacred by the presence of the angelic spirit

of mother. Everything was done as mother would have done it; and with this sacred influence pervading the home, it was a haven of rest to all who crossed its threshold.

The childish love of Elmer and Maud had ripened as the years went by; and with his impassioned love and indulged nature, together with her love for home, they decided not to wait longer but to enter into the state of blessed singleness of heart and life.

Although Aunt Chloe, Sally's mother, shook her head and said, "Ah, honey, didn't you never heah 'twas bad luck to marry in May?" Maud's heart sang with the birds, as the last lacy ruffles, rolled and whipped, were added to the filmy bridal robes, and all was ready for the happy event.

Pity the bride who must wear upon her head a mock-orange blossom of wax, linen, or cotton, when in the land of the South one can be adorned with the flower in its natural beauty and fragrance! No florist was needed for this beautiful wedding; for the home garden was lavish in its gifts to the bride, and the house was heavy with the odor of jasmine, tuberose,

and magnolia, while garlands of roses and smilax made it a bower of beauty. While few witnessed the ceremony, all the friends came later; and no fairer couple ever entered upon the matrimonial sea under fairer skies than did Maud Kenny and Elmer Joy.

Only Aunt Chloe, with that superstition born of her color, heaved a sigh when the carriage bore away the happy couple amidst the shower of rice and old shoes, and, talking to herself, she said: "Yes, honey; but it's May, an' didn't we hev a shower on her day? I hope she's the 'ception, but I never seed it fail yit. Fum whut I seed last night I spec' dey'll be another weddin' at dis house sometime, fer I nebber seed sich eyes as dat young Marse George sot on my little Missus May; but I does hope dey won't marry in de mont' of May. Hard to fool dese old eyes when folks is in love, fer ain't I done seed it ebber sence Marse Ben mek love to Ole Miss, an' on 'down to dese chilluns' mammy? An' den I rec'n I'se had a little love-makin' myself, fer didn't Josiah cote me goin' on two year 'fore I ever said yes? I wanted ter see if he meant it; an' all dese yeahs Josiah's been

mighty good ter me. You see, we married Cris'mus."

While much of the superstition of the black mammy we count due to ignorance, cannot much be attributed to her closeness to nature? Who would not rather see the crescent of the moon in clear skies than through tree tops or beclouded through glass, betokening a month of trouble? or who would not prefer to pick up a pin with its point toward you, indicating the sharp luck of the day, than to have the head foretell its dullness? Many childish pleasures are brought to naught because we trust not in the wisdom of the black mammy of the household when she says: "Didn't I tol' you Friday is de faires' or de foules'?" Bereft will be the South when the black mammy lives only in history. The only mother who can love as her own the child of another race, and sometimes seem to love it better, is the black mammy of the South in the days that are past. When the crooning of her lullabies shall be heard no more, when the "honey child" of her warning is forgotten, the white race as well as her own will have lost a heritage that was both a blessing and a curse

to our happy land. For her sake shall not the stronger help the weaker to cultivate the best of their nature and overcome the dark, evil passions of their benighted ancestors, leading them into the better possibilities of their own race?

Mayhap there is more sentiment in sending the gospel to darkened Africa, but no less is the need of the gospel of fairness and helpfulness to the 8,833,994 negroes in our own home land.

## CHAPTER IV

### *HOME MISSIONS*



HEN God made man and found it was not good for him to be alone, he gave him a helpmeet, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh—not from his head to be above him, not from his feet to be trod upon; but from his side, from near his heart, to be loved; from near his arms, to be protected.

Ever since Miriam, with timbrel in hand, led the multitude in a triumphant march, and Deborah with military tactics overcame Sisera and his forces, and gentle Ruth gleaned in the field, and Dorcas served as the first deaconess, woman has played well her part on the stage of life.

Realizing the dormant forces of the womanhood of the great Methodist Church, a good bishop in conversation with a frail little woman who was said to be all heart and brain dropped a seed which fell on good ground. When Lucinda B. Helm, of Elizabethtown, Ky., realized a great need, soon a great effort was put forth

to meet that need; and when, in 1885, Bishop Hargrove's heart was melted to pity for the sufferings of his fellow-workers in the West and in the mountain fastnesses, she organized the Woman's Department of Church Extension the following year.

Should the queen of the home in one section of the country sit in comfort and ease while her sister in another was living in dugouts and tents as her husband preached the word? To establish Churches homes must be built for those working on the frontier; so the organization became the Woman's Parsonage and Home Mission Society, with its main purpose the building of homes for preachers in places where no shelter could be had. In 1898 it took the name of the Woman's Home Mission Society, retaining, however, the work of building parsonages, although dropping the name.

Not all heroes have received the praise due them; and not until the last day of assize will it be known that many heralds of the gospel have been the world's greatest heroes. Years were spent in suffering and privation; and when it

was known that relief could be had, with what timidity came the plea!

For with home-building it soon became known that supplies were needed. Could not our Father in tender pity supply the needs of his children in the planting of his word? We know he has power to send a convoy of angels to relieve every need, but it is not his plan. He looks to us to do that work, and shall we disappoint him. He has no other plan. Brother A in a Western town needs a coat, and "he has a cough." Illness has made it necessary for Brother B's children to be clothed; a fire swept away all the household goods of Brother C; a drought has made it necessary for Brother D to ask for help; orphanages need clothing; homeless girls with no change of garments must be rescued. Thus the Supply Department was born of a great need, and a great purpose has it served.

Early was it seen that prevention is better than cure; and education became an important branch, with schools for the foreigners, the mountain whites, the kindergarten for the city's poor, the city mission work, and, best of all,

the trained worker, the order of deaconess with the somber garb for protection and the city missionary being the capstone to this house beautiful or the flowering fruit of the Home Mission tree.

Thus we see that from the tiny seed which sprang up in the heart of Lucinda B. Helm has grown a mighty tree of wondrous beauty whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

Assuming entire control of the order of the deaconess, the Home Mission Society soon realized its great responsibility. The call went forth, and we have seen how at the Atlanta meeting the heart of May Kenny was touched and she became a candidate for training. No more perfect life was ever given to serve its Maker than hers, for she verified the words of a favorite pastor who said: "It is not so much the amount consecrated that God cares most about, but the completeness of the consecration." She realized that hers was a little life to give, the thread of which was apt to snap at any time; but in her years of training at the Scarritt Bible and Training School no life ever left a sweeter memory or more hallowed influence.

than hers, so completely consecrated to the service of her Lord. Consecrated by our good Bishop Ward, she awaited a definite call to service.

At the Board meeting in Houston, Tex., a rugged preacher from Arkansas made his way to the altar, pleading for a hearing, which was granted. "Madam President," said the preacher, "I represent the Lord Jesus and the Floss Lumber Company, one of the largest interests in the United States, which in coming into its possessions finds that it needs the holy influence of a deaconess. I implore you to grant this request, for the need is great."

"Mr. Goodman," said the President, "I wish we had one to send you; but the large cities are calling, and there are not one-tenth enough to answer the calls. As soon as we can we shall grant your request."

With the fire of one who is awake to the need, and with a fervor in his voice that brooked no denial, he said: "Yes, I know these other places need them; but I have come for a deaconess, and I must have one." Then as he told how men and boys were in sin and ignorance, how

Club House, Crossell, N.Y.





the women of the camp needed help and instruction to make better homes, how that he and his good wife had prayed, believing, and that he must have the promise of a deaconess before he left this meeting, somehow all other appeals were forgotten, and only Floss and her suffering people needed help.

With the thought all along that May Kenny would do a great work here, the President, with the approval of the Board, assigned May Kenny to the mill town of Floss, in Southern Arkansas.

We have seen her introduction into this buried city where men and women were dead in trespasses and sin, and whose gentle hand was to roll the stone away from its stenching sepulcher.

Losing no time in longing for a more pleasant work, May Kenny entered at once upon the duties that lay before her, the first being the brightening of the home and life of Mrs. Bright. With her deft fingers she soon righted the confused household, the shambling appearance soon taking on one of care and painstaking. The hardest thing to break was the blue hen from lay-

ing on her dresser, for that was the only living thing that had survived her wanderings since she had left "Mississippi," her babies being buried all along the way, she having married Jim Bright after crossing the Arkansas line. So Lady, the blue hen, was the pet of the household; and wherever she wanted to lay Mrs. Bright left her in undisturbed quietude. But when Miss Kenny took so much interest in Lady and fixed her a nice nest by the wood shed, Mrs. Bright was consoled and made no further protest.

Learning a beautiful lesson from the "flower woman of Atlanta," she always carried little packages of flower seeds and scattered them along the way, till soon every bare place in Floss was springing with vines and flowers. Jim Bright would have nothing but morning-glories, and soon the whole camp of Floss was made beautiful by their trailing vines and beautiful blossoms.

Then, too, Jim Bright felt impelled to muster all of the best in his 225 pounds of manhood; and a man he was, in the presence of the Morning-Glory of Floss. Only once, when she went

to a great gathering by the sea, did he fall; for somehow he felt that he had no prop, and yielded to the tempter and was lost again. The vine and the support had changed places. He, the strong, was leaning upon the weaker, and fell when no Morning-Glory graced his home. On her return her great grief touched the mainspring of his heart, and he promised he would never touch liquor again; for he had caught the meaning that grief can come only from love—and surely she loved the people of Floss, or she would not have given her life for them.

Every day the little figure in black would be seen going here and there, telling Mrs. Jones how to make good corn bread like Aunt Chloe used to make, or Mrs. Brown a good remedy for croup, suggesting at the same time that the sun was lovely for the bedding to-day, always leaving an influence like a breath of heaven blown into their humble abodes.

The day was long for Lame Tim when he did not have a sight of the deaconess, for some little token marked every visit she made—cookies to-day, pictures yesterday, a story to-morrow, or a beautiful bunch of flowers. Tim

would not mind being lame if only he could be with the deaconess always; but there were other troubled hearts for May to comfort, and she must hurry away.

She soon saw that much of the trouble among the men was for want of amusement after the mill closed; but to her preparation must come before pleasure, so a night school was opened, that those men and boys who had no early advantages could now be taught. A car was ordered built, and soon a night school was working wonders in the mill town of Floss.

Although Gray Torson had been invited several times, the night school had been going on some weeks before he timidly entered, when it was found that he was ashamed he could not read. Many times had he been overwhelmed with the shame of not knowing how to read and write his name, and that the vast store of knowledge from the printed page was hidden from him. Regret is born too late, and henceforth he must go through the world ignorant and uninformed; but now that an opportunity is before him to learn, must he acknowledge that he cannot read? After seeing the happy faces

of his fellow-workmen and feeling the kindly touch of the deaconess, the barriers of pride gave way, and he began as a little child to know the mysteries of the printed page.

Realizing his timidity, Miss Kenny was especially kind to Gray; and with extra effort he soon read in the red-edged Testament she gave him: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Surely Gray Torson was one of the least of His, but he needed help. Shall we question when we know the need?

In May Kenny's service among the people of Floss she was no respecter of persons, but gave herself wherever needed; and if discouragements ever came to her heart, no one ever knew it. Was she not in the service of the King, and a representative of a great organization whose thousands of members were the Aarons and the Hurs to hold up her hands? Was not the Home Mission Society doing more than she ever hoped to do—aiding the great foreign mission cause by Christianizing America that the light may radiate afar in the pure white life of Christ, and by sending to other lands their own people re-

generated, thereby making efficient missionaries in their own country? She was ever proud of her credentials from the Home Mission Society and the cause she espoused, feeling the true meaning of the words, "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed."

From the roughest employee to the most cultured member of the company all deference was paid the little deaconess, and she was always received as a child of the King. When she was near, a radiance of purity and sweetness pervaded the atmosphere that made it hallowed for all.

One day when she sat at some work in preparation for the holidays (for it was nearing the Christmastide, and hands must be very busy to keep away a little tug at her heart when she thought of father and little sister and the happy times they used to have together), a messenger came running to her and said: "O, Miss Kenny, Bill Bimes has been cut at the mill, and wants you to come quick!"

She hastily put her work down, it being little

gifts for the children of the Sunday school, and almost ran to the tent where they had taken Bill, and there found the poor fellow with ghastly pale face and blood-soaked garments. She was a great help to Dr. Chappell, and was more than repaid in that one instance for all her study and practice in the Training School.

It was soon seen, however, that Bill Bimes had received his deathblow from the danger point of the mill, and all they could do was to make his last hours comfortable. After he was washed and the wound dressed he said: "Doc, there's plenty comin' to me from the mill to pay you for this; you may go, but let the little woman stay a bit."

"All right, Bill. Let me know if you want me again. Good-by, Bill."

Bill said: "Miss, I ain't no baby, and I know I got my summons, and I jes' want to talk to ye a little. Ever sence the fust time I seed ye I thought ye was an angel, only ye allus wear black. I know I ain't been whut I orter been, but maybe I ain't all to blame. I wasn't so bad when I was young, and I loved a purty girl, and we had it all made up to marry and I'd saved

enough to start housekeepin' in jes' one room; but lots of folks don't start much better." Gritting his teeth to bear the pain that was cutting short the moments of his life, he drew in a good breath and resumed: "Everything was fixed and I walked over to her house with the license in my pocket, the happiest boy you ever seed; for she had the purtiest black eyes as ever sot in a woman's head. The preacher was to meet us there, and I jes' walked on air. But when I got to the house everything seemed so quiet-like I didn't know whut to think; so I went in kinder skeered like, and her brother met me and said: 'Bill, sis is done married that feller whut come down here from Perryville last week sellin' lightnin' rods. She's jes' been gone about a hour, an' I hoped ye'd hear it 'fore ye got here. Tell ye I'm sorry, fer I don't like his looks.'" After an awful paroxysm which left his voice more guttural than before, Bill went on, the little woman, as he preferred to call her, gently raising his hair from his clammy brow and wiping it with her handkerchief. "I jes' looked into a great big blank spot and saw nothin' nor nobody, and turned around and walked off. I

didn't go back home nor to the little house in the clump of trees, but tried to get as far away from everybody as I could. I swapped my good clo'ees for some work clo'ees and a little money to boot, and got on a raft and floated down the Miss'ippi River as fur as Helena. I had worked some in timber, and I heard as how in Arkansas there was lots of timber and mills, so I've worked myself this fur, first clearin' a road and on up to my place in the mill. Never sence that day when Lucy fooled me have I believed in woman till I seed you at Jim Bright's the night me and Josh Strong tuk up your trunk. I've never even eat after a woman sence then; done my own washin' and cookin' and patchin'—every-thing to show that Bill Bimes can live without her—and all the talk about women bein' better'n men had no effect on me. 'Tain't no use sayin' I've had a hard time and ain't allus enjoyed livin' like a beast; but not till I seed you did I ever think there was a honest woman on earth. Now I'm a-dyin', and I don't want to die like a dog;" and with a pitiful, pleading look in his glassy eyes he said: "Can ye do anything to help a feller like me?"

“O, my friend,” she said (for “Mr. Bimes” didn’t suit Bill), “I can’t do much now; but I can tell you of One who can help you now and has wanted to help you all these years, but you wouldn’t let him. Did you never ask the Friend who knows all sorrows and is acquainted with grief to help you? Jesus knows all about your troubles and is so loving and kind and wants to save you now. Do you believe He can and will?”

“Ef you say so, I do; but I ain’t fitten now to be saved.”

“He will make that all right if you are sorry.”

With tears streaming down his face he said, “Well, maybe Lucy has been sorry, and didn’t know how bad it was to run off and leave a poor feller like me;” and, weeping and sobbing like a child, he added: “Have mercy on me a wicked sinner.”

Thus as a little child, and saved by grace, Bill Bimes was snatched into the kingdom as a “brand from the burning,” and out shot a brilliant star in the heavens to shine in the crown of the “angel who wore black.” “They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the

firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Bill Bimes was given a Christian burial, and many hearts were touched at the tenderness the little deaconess showed in the passing of this rough man of the mill.

In looking over his few belongings she saw on the fly leaf of an old book "Sarah Bimes, —, Wisconsin." She wrote to this address, telling of his triumphant entry into the kingdom, and in a few weeks received a letter telling how all these years they had tried to find him; and that poor Lucy was heart-broken and returned home in a few weeks, hoping to find him. How pitiful was her grief and the longing anxiety for his return! It was all right now, since he had forgiven her and she would soon meet him; for she, too, had been forgiven by the One who was "very pitiful and of tender mercy," and this answer to her daily prayer had soothed her restless spirit. "In the game of hearts they often fall and break betimes."

No one knew that in May Kenny's tenderness to this lonely man her mind had sought her only love, George Gaylor, wondering if she,

too, had made a mistake in heeding not the love of a strong, manly heart. But the One for whom she had made this sacrifice also comforted her with the words: "Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it."

## CHAPTER V

### *THE AWAKENING*



HEN the officers of the Floss Lumber Company met in annual session next morning, it was evident that each heart was full of pain from the realization of the slaughter of their men at the danger point where Bill Bimes had lost his life, but they could devise no plan to remedy it.

A giant negro, six feet four and strong in sinew, appeared and asked for the place, which they readily gave him. When asked his name he said: "Jes' put down 'Nigger'—that's whut everybody calls me, 'cause granny allus called me that. You see I come from down about the Niger River, and they jes' got to callin' me 'Nigger'; it'll be all right." And, spreading his big mouth, he showed two rows of whitest ivory any king might covet.

Nigger handled the logs as no other man had ever done, and with unusual watchfulness escaped many accidents, finally leaving his post,

after the invention of a piece of machinery to take his place, with the loss of only two fingers to mark his five months' service.

At that morning's consultation the members of the company decided that better things should come of their small beginning there. Vast timber reserves were about them, the climate was good, and since the coming of the deaconess the people seemed to have higher aspirations, and were not altogether mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water." New life seemed to have crept into the camp. Why not have a town and live on higher ground? In other words, the mill town of Floss had awakened.

Looking out of the window, Mr. Gatewell saw Miss Kenny on her round of mercy among the people of the camp, and said to the members: "That little woman has done more for the people of Floss in making them see themselves than we ever could. Let's have her in consultation; maybe she can help us."

Calling her in and stating their plans, she was delighted to aid by offering suggestions as to making it a model town. Places of amusement

must be had as well as churches ; and each one, filled to the brim with enthusiasm, suggested plans by which a splendid town could be built.

May Kenny did not sleep much that night ; for new visions arose in her mind of a city beautiful in which she could have a part in founding, the superstructure of which she could view from the heights of the city of God.

New mills were installed, lumber could not be sawed fast enough to put up houses, and every week brought new inhabitants ; for every new enterprise demanded new employees. The ringing of the hammer and the song of the saw filled the air with a busy sound that told the world a new town was being born, a town which should be on the maps that mark the outlines of the continents and their possessions.

As in character, so in towns. We should build well ; and not alone for to-day, but for to-morrow. The forces of the evil one are always awake ; and one day the members of the company were startled to hear that a saloon was coming into their midst, the license having already been applied for. At once they

started a church, and sent Brother Kromer on a hasty ride to the county seat to enter protest. When he arrived and told his mission the clerk said: "But you have no church, and the law does not hinder."

"But," said Mr. Kromer taking out his watch, "the church is just finished. It was to be completed at four o'clock, and it is now ten minutes past four. I protest, and appeal to the law to protect us."

Thus was the only attempted saloon kept out of Floss. But when men want liquor they get it, if on an island in mid-ocean or on a flat rock in the deep of the woods; so the camp was not free from this blighting curse for a long time.

The wonderful age of the city is upon us when in a night they spring forth with a habitation of thousands of busy men and women. In a few days electric lights are sparkling in the streets, water flows through pipes for the convenience of the people, handsome buildings go up like magic, and in a marvelously short time paved streets invite the automobile and other delightful pleasures.

Oklahoma, the new world of the century, is

an example of this speedy civilization. Less than two decades ago it was the home of the wandering red man, the coyote, and the prairie dog; to-day it is the wonder of the nation.

So the little town of Floss grew rapidly, and added unto itself the improvements of the age for the comfort and convenience of her people—electric lights, waterworks, laundry, bakery, clubhouses for the wholesome pleasures of the people, with gymnasium, natatorium, library, reception halls, auditorium—and every good thing possible was done for the employees of the mill.

Much credit is due the senior member of the company, who responded liberally to every call, and every year left his Wisconsin home to spend some time studying the conditions at Floss and trying always to better them.

Unlike other mill towns or factory settlements, no two houses were alike except in their whiteness, some differing in size, architecture, or porches, which were liberal for the Southern climate; and only the gate fastenings betrayed the fact that the whole town belonged to the company

After five months of this formative period in the history of Floss, we see that the outer world has awakened too; and a new railroad has pushed its way through the woods and taken in its course the town now dotted with houses instead of the tented city of earlier days.

Many changes had taken place in that time, Miss Kenny long since having "divided her time" with Mrs. Wilkins, but never forgetting her kind reception into the home of Mrs. Bright. The itinerant wheel of Methodism had in its annual rotation given the people a new preacher, and with many sad good-byes dear Brother Goodman bade his people adieu. No mill town ever had better friends and helpers than Brother Goodman and his wife, and many were the misgivings lest the bachelor preacher might not be as tender as the one they had given up. But, whatever else may be lacking in the make-up of a Methodist preacher, tenderness of heart is ever present; and this preacher-man seemed especially gentle and loving in his ministrations to his new flock.

Soon Brother Deland was as much in the

hearts or his people as if this were his fourth year instead of his first.

One morning early in May as the little deaconess was making her usual visit to Mrs. Bright, finding her on the front porch in the shade of a beautiful vine just covered with morning-glories, capping the first strawberries she had found in her patch and throwing the caps at the edge of the porch with the bits of broken eggshells which already graced the spot, she said: "Have you heerd Mis' Regent come home on the Nine last night? I'd begun to think this camp—O, I do fergit we are a town now—never would see her any more. You see her man he died jes' 'fore this camp was opened, and she had to come here to see about his affairs (for he was one of the company, you know); and a powerful nice woman she is. It was jes' like havin' a missionary when she was here; but she grieved so over her husban' she had to do somethin' She never could get the consent of her mind to come back till she had some good news for the camp. I do declare I can't git used to sayin' town. But I done been over to see her, an' she tells me

she's got a new invention. I don't know whut 'tis, but it's somethin' about the mill to keep so many from gettin' hurt."

"I am so glad," said the deaconess—for she remembered the suffering of poor Bill Bimes—"and I hope the Floss Lumber Company will never lose another man by such an accident. I must meet Mrs. Regent soon." And after a few cheery words and inquiring how Lady was these days and if she still liked the new nest, she hurried on her way.

A new and larger church now stood where the little one first served to drive the evil one away, and soon it was found inadequate and that other rooms must be added.

May Kenny's latest hope was the organization of a Baraca Class; and it may well be said no better work was done in her life at Floss than that among the men of the mill. Old men who had long since drifted from God out into a life of sin, young men, many away from home and needing a friend to help them when temptations almost swept them from their feet, boys who were impatient to enter the untried paths of manhood—she was ever their friend to

help them stem a tide which was about to carry them over a precipice into the abyss below.

At last, by that sweet, gentle force that was ever dominant in her character, she led them into that higher sphere of doing for others; and no happier heart ever fluttered in the breast of a human being than hers, when, on the first Sunday in May, eighteen stalwart men and boys met her in the pastor's study and became a link in the chain that is now belting the world with its helpful mission, whose motto is, "We do things," known as the Baraca Class for young men. Not a boy but could have picked her up and carried her out of the room, so small she seemed; yet with eager interest and appreciation they listened to her every word, and from that room came many helpful and instructive lessons which lingered in their hearts forever.

Had she but seen them once a week, not so much could have been accomplished; but every boy in that class knew that May Kenny was his friend. Not a day passed but she showed she thought of them in some way.

Did Joe Duncan receive a message that his mother was dying, only Miss Kenny could com-

fort his sad heart; or did any new joy come into the life of any boy, it was not fully appreciated till Miss Kenny could rejoice with him. Thus did a bond of fellowship spring up about teacher and pupil, till in their hearts blossomed a friendship beautiful and strong whose fragrance should last to eternity.

“Friendship above all does bind the heart,  
And faith in friendship is the nobler part.”

What boy cannot be better or do better work if he knows he has some friend who is counting on him, some friend to encourage him, some friend to help him? Pity the boy who is away from home and without a friend; and yet there are thirteen and a half millions every year sinking into sin and away from God for the want of friends. What are we doing to save these boys? Sleeping or sitting at ease in our homes, while they go trooping by on the downward path with no friendly hand to help them up again. May Kenny was a friend to boys; pity we haven’t more.

The invention which Mrs. Regent brought as good news to the mill was quickly named the

“steel nigger,” as it displaced Nigger and did the work of loading and adjusting the logs on the carriage after they were snaked up from the lake, and quickly hurled them to the first saw for squaring. The great danger came from handling the big logs and the speed in carrying them to the saw, which often swept the workman into the teeth of the saw before he could free himself.

After it was well adjusted, Mrs. Regent, Miss Kenny, and the preacher-man—for they were all good friends—were watching it work almost as if it had hands, feet, and brain besides, for of course it was manipulated by a wise hand near by. When a big log came into place from its journey up the slant, all dripping with the water into which it had been thrown from the car just before, old “steel nigger” seemed to size him up, and, opening his strong clutches, grasped it and threw it well onto the car which hurried it away to the saw. After watching this interesting scene for some time, each one felt that man had infused into the iron and steel of this piece of machinery his own brain and power, so perfectly did it do the work of a

living being ; when suddenly it jerked, it tugged, it rose and fell, yet it could not extricate nor adjust the log now before it. Things were getting terribly mixed. The "steel nigger" was baffled, the mill stopped, the foreman came and men were called from other parts of the mill to take out the log that had caused the trouble, all on account of a measly little old log that would not make two good planks.

"Ah," said the preacher, "it is in life as we see it with the 'steel nigger'—a big, broad-minded fellow quickly adjusts himself to the affairs and circumstances of life, while the small, narrow-minded one is the kind that causes the trouble. O that we had all big-hearted, broad-minded people in the world! What a happy place this would be!"

"Then," said the little deaconess, "you would soon have weaklings of us all, when we'd have nothing to fight. Untried soldiers are not deserving much, for glory and victory await only those who are in the battle." She spoke warmly ; for in her breast a battle waged always—she who always seemed so happy, cheerful, and satisfied—and the battle was with life itself. Full

well she knew the weakness of her life-giving artery, and that at any time it might refuse to serve her and she would lay down her arms and work no more. But she wanted to live and serve, to do something every day for some one.

Many of us do something for others sometimes, and it is like a bit of sandalwood that breathes its sweet perfume days after it has been fashioned into shapely beauty; but few do the kind deeds every day. How true the words:

"It isn't the thing we do, dear;  
It's the thing we leave undone  
Which gives a bit of heartache  
At the setting of the sun."

But never a day slipped through the life of May Kenny without a kindness done to some one; and she who loved to live for others must learn the lesson of the will of the Father. Whether to serve and thereby bless mankind with her loving ministrations, or just to lie down and rest, were the enemies that daily battled in her heart, each day a little nearer the warfare's end, each day more victorious than the last; and when morning came, the glory of

the night seemed to shine in her face. Thus rightly was she named the Morning-Glory.

She saw beauty in everything, and was a lover of nature through nature's God. When passing through the wood, she saw every beautiful tree and heard the chirp of every bird. When the maple had caught enough amber of the sun's rays within itself to make every leaf - glimmer and glow with a yellow sheen, which in a few days would be burnt into a fiery red, she felt that it was her blessed privilege to see that thing of beauty. If a mocking bird sang, she appreciated it as if the bird had flown across the continent to sing the song for her. The flowers had a message more delicate than human tongue could tell, and she called them her "angels of the grass," which whispered ever of the flower land where it is always morning and where glory gleams for all.

In Mrs. Regent's new home a cozy little room was built for May Kenny, but not a word was said till all was finished and furnished and she was invited to spend the night. Her trunk and other belongings had been secretly moved while she was out, and when Mrs. Regent opened the

door of her room she said: "Little one"—for so she liked to call her—"this is yours for all time, and this is home now."

Could it be true? Was this homelike room to be hers and her congenial friend now her companion? Tears filled her eyes, but with that sweet smile overspreading her face she said: "What is better than a friend? You are too good to me, maybe; but O the joy you have given me to-night! How I have wanted to be one of your household, to feel your strength and help, to have a cheery place to rest! O, you don't know how glad I am!" She went to the large fireplace where burned a cheery fire—for the first chill of the autumn eve was felt—and there she stooped and said: "O, the old fireplace at home—how did you know it was like this? How many happy days little sister and I spent by the fireside with mother! He who misses the glow of the family fireside loses a heritage not all the world can give—a place to dream, a place to think, a place to build castles and paint pictures, a place to feel the warmth that comes from the glowing embers and the warmth of love from those encircled

about like the love from the One above. O the fireside hearth, where we tell our stories and strengthen each day the bond that unites us into a happy family!" Coming to herself, as it were, she spied her trunk. "That is why Mrs. Wilkins would have me come by her house so early, before I came here. You are all so good to me," she said. She noticed with pleasure the comfortable chairs, the roomy closet, the cozy corner, the beautiful bed and mahogany furniture, the soft, warm rug, the pure-white woodwork, and the light green wall paper; but as her eyes went up above the wainscot line they lighted in pleasurable surprise, for she saw in graceful festoons and beautiful colors a roomful of morning-glories! "O Mrs. Regent, did you know Mr. Bright calls me 'Morning-Glory?'"

"No, I didn't. But when I saw you I thought you reminded me so much of that dainty little flower, I said to Brother Deland when we planned this surprise for you: 'I'm going to paper her room in morning-glories.' You surely are one."

That was truly the happiest night she had

ever spent in the mill town of Floss; for the next day a shadow crossed her path no larger than a man's hand at first, but a shadow that was to grow and deepen instead of being lost in the glow of happiness. This shadow was from her other self; for although no one told her, somehow she felt, somehow she knew that a sorrow was creeping into her little sister's life which would also becloud hers.

Always cheerful in her letters, Maud could not conceal from her devoted sister the fact that life was not all she had pictured under the magnolia that day when they played with Rex and Sally. As long as May felt that little sister was happy she was content to spend her life for others; but when she felt, more from a high-born intuitive power (or perhaps from that communion of kindred spirits so perfectly attuned that, like wireless telegraphy, heart messages may be sped across the intervening space which no one knew but May and her other self) that a cloud had appeared in the blue of her sister's sky, then did she want to "flee as a bird" to little sister to soothe her troubled spirit. Her other love she controlled with a masterful spirit; and

none knew that, deep in her heart, there was another love consuming in its fire the strength she needed for this sorrow.

As the days went by she tried to console herself that maybe she was wrong and that all was well; but ever the feeling and the fear that would not go away bore upon her day after day. However much she suffered in her anxiety about her loved ones, no one ever knew it; her smile as she passed was like a glint of sunlight that left only light and not shadow.

Thus we leave the mill town of Floss, transformed from a small, rough camp where but the sturdiest sons of toil could be induced to stay, to an attractive town with the improvements of a twentieth century city, claiming among its inhabitants almost all the members of the company, with their families, and the best men of the country as employees of trust; among whom are found bankers, teachers, merchants, foremen of the many places of importance in mill work, and all classes of men and women that go to make up a live town to-day.

Truly were the people of Floss awake.

## CHAPTER VI

### *THE HEALING SPRINGS*



HEN Tob More, night watchman at the mill, was stricken with rheumatism, after months of suffering with no relief, Dr. Chappell recommended the baths at Hot Springs as a last resort, knowing that it was beyond his power to cure him, and hoping that the virtue of the far-famed thermal springs would prove beneficial to the drawn and suffering man. With much pain he was carried to the train, and on a stretcher made the tiresome journey of half a day, each movement of the train racking his body with pain.

In advance let us for a moment look at the place which is now a Mecca for thousands of visitors each year not only from Arkansas, but from every State in the Union, some on pleasure bent, but many by suffering sent. With one exception the cities and towns of Arkansas are but centers of commerce, where in some unaccountable way men and women seek companionship as water seeks its level, that ex-

ception being Hot Springs. This city of healing waters, cosmopolitan and belonging to all people in the government reserves, is yet a child of Arkansas and her citizenship.

With the finger of loving-kindness and tender compassion the kind, good Father touched the thermal waters, and healing abounds for the thousands who seek it every year.

In an early day the Indian path, the cattle trail, and later the wagon road, all led to a spring which was found to possess great healing power when used in its natural heat; and as civilization traveled westward, soon houses marked a town for which no better name could be found than Hot Springs.

Once a man in a distant town lay suffering for ten long years with rheumatism, when as a breath of hope came the news of the Hot Springs of Arkansas and their power to cure. Like the impotent man at the Gate Beautiful, he had the desire to be healed and availed himself of the opportunity. So great was his appreciation of the benefits he received that he determined to let others know of this boon to the nation. Letters, newspapers, and

advertisements flooded the country till, in an incredibly short time, a "city that needeth not to be ashamed" was set like a gem in the heart of the Ozarks. Beautiful for situation and shielded from rude blasts on every side by the everlasting hills, with a sunny Southern clime for the delight of her winter guests and cooling breezes for her friends of the South, she sits amid the perfume of her flowers and the music of her waters, the Queen of the Ozarks. Her million-and-a-half-dollar hostelries and the cheap rooming houses of the alley afford comfort for the millionaire and the pauper, who, either from suffering or from sin, find the same relief in the life-giving waters from her bubbling springs, forty-six or more, varying in temperature from 125 to 140 degrees Fahrenheit, bursting from the mountain side of the United States Reservation. What though they be heated with never-ending fires, electricity, or radium? Is not God's hand in the touch of the water to-day as when Naaman dipped seven times in the River Jordan for the healing of the leprous spots? It is no less a miracle to-day if God-given means are used and healing results follow our efforts.

Then should the healed man leap and praise God, as did the impotent of old.

No fairer city is found than this valley city of “vapors, virgins, and virtues” picturesquely hid among the mountains, telling the world in its healing streams that God is merciful and kind. When Tob More was lifted by kind hands into the cool and attractive station of this Carlsbad of America, a woman in black with white tie strings and turnover collar and cuffs came up to him and in gentle tones said: “You are Mr. More, of Floss? Miss Kenny, your deaconess, wrote me you would be on this train, and I thought I would come to see if I could help you in any way.”

“Ah,” said he, “she is always thinking about somebody, and doing just the thing to help them. I’ve lost the address of the boarding house where I was going, and I am waiting for the ambulance to come for me.”

“Maybe you will remember the name if I call several over,” which she did; and he thanked her when the right one fell upon his ear.

Soon the ambulance bore him away; but the deaconess was busy for a long time, helping this

one and that one, who were strangers, or disappointed because no friendly faces met them. When she thought the station was cleared, she saw a poor fellow who seemed to be hiding lest he should be seen. Walking over to him, she saw the marks of sin in great sores which told all too plainly of the sin-sick soul within.

“My friend, can I help you?” she said.

“No, thank you,” he said. “The policeman will help me as soon as he is free from his duties.”

“Good-by,” she said kindly.

After she had gone he asked: “Who was that good woman that called me friend?”

“O, she’s our deaconess; and a friend she is, too, to many a poor fellow who is down and out. You’ll see her again,” said the policeman.

After two weeks of heroic treatment with plunges, hot packs, electricity, and many other methods of treatment, Tob More felt new life throbbing in his veins; and from stretcher to crutches, from crutches to stick, and after four weeks with leaps and bounds he was ready to praise the healing waters from the mountain top.

One day when walking on Bath House Row he met the deaconess and told her in glowing terms of his wonderful restoration and the likeness of her goodness to that of Miss Kenny, of Floss.

“O, thank you,” said the deaconess. “I knew May Kenny at school; she was our morning-glory.”

“Well, I see morning-glories grow here too.”

As she started away she saw again the poor fellow who hid from her that day at the station. His skin was smooth and clear, and his face betokened good breeding.

She said: “My good sir, I want you to meet one who came in the same day you did, and has been so wondrously healed.” After introducing them she said: “We have prayer meeting at our church this evening; won’t you both come and tell what the Lord has done for you?”

Tob More quickly said, “Yes;” but the other, faltering, tried to make excuse, till the thought of mother came to him and he reflected: “What an opportunity to honor mother’s God!”

That evening wonderful experiences were

heard in the great stone church on Central and Olive Streets, where a great crowd was gathered for the midweek prayer meeting. The faith of many was strengthened by the testimony of grateful hearts and a wanderer reconciled by kindness.

Tob More persuaded his new-found friend to return with him to Floss; and as a vacancy was just found in a foreman's office, he became an efficient employee of the company.

Thus are many lost sheep brought into the fold by the tender care of the Shepherd. Some are weak and fall by the wayside, some wander away and are crippled, some are caught unawares by the enemy; but from whatever cause the sheep is lost, there is greater joy over the one that is found than the ninety and nine safe in the fold.

Are we seeking the lost as the great Shepherd would have us do?

## CHAPTER VII

### *CROLEY'S CAMP*



S the mill hungrily devoured the logs that came to it in long train loads, turning out from seventy to eighty million feet of lumber a year, soon camps had to be established many miles from the town of Floss.

Of all the camps that were set up in the history of Floss, none shows greater contrast to the original camp or the spirit of changed conditions than Croley's Camp. Twenty miles from headquarters, in the heart of the deep woods, with several hundred men under his control, Tom Croley managed them as one big, happy family. With the ringing of the ax were the happy songs or laughter of the men, showing that contentment reigned from honest wage for honest toil.

The houses were called cars, as they were made to be moved to another place when this spot should be cleared. They were neat and

comfortable, and the wife in the car showed the spirit of the camp ; and although they were there but a few weeks, or months perhaps, yet it was home ; for there were wife and the children.

With just enough elevation for a natural drainage and situated in a picturesque place in the wood, the location for Croley's Camp was ideal ; chosen, perhaps, because a well of pure cold water was found there, a benediction from somebody who had dwelt there long enough to dig a well which should bless all who would follow after him. The gift of a well is a great gift indeed. The wayside well has refreshed many a weary traveler and sent him on his way encouraged. Like the tree planted by one who never expected to enjoy its shade or eat of its fruit, the roadside well continues to bless and refresh the generations long after the benefactor has passed away. A beautiful monument is the living tree with its fruits and flowers, or the gushing water from the heart of the earth, both blessing mankind and telling the world that a good man has lived, because he thought of others.

Not only for his son Joseph did Jacob dig

a well in the plains of Samaria ; but the generations of the centuries have quaffed sweet waters from its cooling fountain, and even the water of life has been dispensed from its restful curb with loving words by the Master himself, who said to the woman of Sychar: “Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.”

One day there was quite a stir in the circle of Croley’s Camp, for a blind man had come on the supply train and wanted to work and be counted one of the men of the crew.

“What can a blind man do at a logging camp?” said Tom Croley. “This company needs men with all the eyes they can get, and using every one of them to good advantage at that.”

But when Tom Croley had talked to the newcomer, who was so unfortunate as to almost completely lose his sight, his heart melted; and that evening when he went to his car (although there were four rooms put together with a large large hall between, it was still called a car, though it made a comfortable home), he said: “Wife, we’ve got a new man in the camp, and he’s blind. I don’t know just yet what he

will do, but he had a note from Mr. Gatewell saying, 'Give this man some work.' He certainly is a fine-looking fellow; and while he is big enough to handle the biggest logs, he don't look like a woodsman. He is blind and not so old, but has hair as white as snow; yet he says he wants to work."

Early next morning—for woodsmen arise with the day and add to their natures the freshness of the morning and the strength of the forest—the blind man was first among the men waiting to be listed for the day's work. Already he had made friends with one of the water boys—for who ever saw a two-hundred-pounder who was not always thirsty—and Jo, the water boy, was talking to him and keeping close to him all the while.

The water boys of the camp made an interesting picture, riding on their little fat, bushy-tailed mules with a keg of water swinging on each side like the old fashioned circuit rider's saddlebags.

These saddlebags often contained more "firstlies," "secondlies," and "thirdlies" than the young people of the congregation wished to

hear, but more good resulted from them among the pioneers than can ever be calculated. The circuit rider of the early days, though he groaned much and was deep-voiced and long-faced, was the missionary who did most of the evangelization of our home land. Blessed is the memory of the circuit rider of early days, who, like Samuel, "went from year to year in circuit," to preach the gospel of the risen Lord.

When Dr. Hite (for he was a physician) and Jo Brown rode off, they made a funny pair, to be sure—Dr. Hite, six feet two, on the biggest horse of the camp, with a new ax across his knees, guided and directed by little, dumpy Jo on a little fat mule; but little, dumpy Jo had two good eyes, and big Dr. Hite would have gladly exchanged places with him for his wonderful possessions. Jo was to be his pilot for the day and initiate him, not into the mysteries of Masonry nor the proofs of his profession nor the secrets of society, but to plain, old honest toil, from which he had so long ago drifted that nature had rebelled against a life of ease, luxury, and inactivity, and failure of eyesight had resulted; hence the advice of physicians had been

taken, and Dr. Hite, the gentleman, the learned physician of Southern Louisiana, was a hired man in the woods of Arkansas. Never did he forget that day, when with untried hand he labored with difficulty to wield the ax which in the hands of the other men swung with such ease and dexterity. But when night came he relished the plain but wholesome fare and slept the sleep of the toiler.

Thus for days, weeks, and months did Dr. Hite and Jo go out into the deep of the woods together and ride into camp late in the evening, telling the experiences of the day, with frequent glimpses into their lives as well, till they were friends such as are rarely found in persons so widely differing.

One Monday morning as they rode to work Jo said: "Doctor, was you at the meetin' last night, and did you hear that little woman from town talk about folks doin' their best? That's Miss Kenny, the deaconess; and it ain't only what she says is good, but she does good. My Aunt Milly (you know she's ma to me, 'cause I don't remember any other ma than Aunt Milly, and she's a good one too), she says as how she

comes out here and helps these women at the camp, showin' them how to do everything the easiest way, like cookin' without fire—did you ever hear tell of that, Doctor? Yes, they just start things to boilin' and then pack it in straw and things, and it goes on cookin' while the women do somethin' else. Then she reads to them and tells them how they can get such nice books so cheap that tell all about what the women of the country are doin' to help other women and children that's worse off than they are. Sometimes one reads while the others sew. Seems like a good thing, don't it, Doctor? for they say some women do talk a heap. You know this is like other people livin' in the country; they have more time to talk than the people livin' in town, where they have so much to do and so many places to go to; and when they get to talkin' about what other folks need, the first thing they know they are sellin' off some eggs and butter and sendin' money to help these people in distress. Aunt Milly is just as full of it, and talks to me lots about it. I believe it's a good thing, don't you, Doctor?"

Jo had a wise head on him, and had learned

a lesson in home missions that many of our wise men have not yet learned. There are many who yet look askance at the Home Mission Society as an interloper, not recognizing it as the child of the Church, rightly ordained in its mission of love and mercy to the world, embracing the work of the once popular "aid," adding to that the broad and blessed missionary spirit.

Dr. Hite had heard Miss Kenny in her Bible talk to the people of the camp, and went to his car with a more restless spirit than he had experienced for some time. Had he done his best with the opportunities that had been his? was the thought that racked his brain and drove sleep from him till far into the night. With the heritage of his fathers, both in character and worldly possessions, had he made the most of life? or should he be found wanting if the scales of justice were to weigh him to-night? Somehow the words of the little woman in black, "Have you done your best?" seemed to sink deeper in his heart than any sermon from his great bishop-uncle or any divine he had ever listened to, and he asked himself what it was about her message that awakened him at this late hour of his

life, and when it seemed too late to amend his ways. "I have not been a bad man; but, O God, have I done my best?" were the words which fell from his lips.

The power of the Holy Spirit had quickened the words of the little deaconess, and the strong man asked help from the same source to be able to do his best. He knew that sacrifice had been an unknown word to him in the former years of his luxurious life, and now it seemed the debt was calling for its retarded payment all in a lump. Why was he, a wealthy, cultured professional man in seeming good health, buried in the heart of the woods doing the work of a common laborer and without the advantages of life? Nothing seemed to arrest the blindness that threatened him as much as the manual labor that strengthened his whole system, and he was willing to give up his former pleasures for the recovery of this treasured sense. Was it because he had been untrue and was now paying the penalty? Did he not well know that "to whom much is given much will also be required?" Deep in his heart in the deep of the night Dr. Hite determined that, if in the woods among

the toilers by day or in the city's gay throng of the night, henceforth he would do his dead level best.

When morning came Dr. Hite's eyes seemed stronger than they had been for months, and in the early light of the morning he saw for the first time that his big horse was a dapple-gray. Again was his memory flooded with the thought of a beautiful dapple-gray he once rode, a faithful horse which freely gave his life for his master, who thoughtlessly rode him to his death one day. He was kinder to his horse that day for the memory of the gray of other days.

An interesting sight was when at evening the men came trooping in from the woods after a hard day's work, first turning the tired horses and oxen over for their food and drink, then going to the marker who keeps an account of the time the men work, and with quickened step to the car-home where a good supper awaited them. If still on the bachelor list, they heeded the call of George's bell, which was a discarded saw hung upon a tree, upon which they knocked a merry tune with sticks. Another saw, hung in another tree, served to call the children to school,

and yet another announced the hour of worship in the tent near by; but none had the ring of the boarding car bell to which they hastened and where with merry jest they enjoyed a good and plentiful supper.

George was tall and slim and the color of midnight, with good eyes and plenty of ivory to lighten his face. No cook of ante-bellum days was more important nor more of a sovereign of all pertaining to this “boa’din’ cah” than George, and every “boa’der,” white and black, knew that he must not only behave himself while in the car, and pay his bills, but there must be no loafing around, as this sign distinctly read: “Notice. Ever one is requested to stay out of the cook car. This replys to all, as I cannot afford to have a gangue round the inside of this car. Yours truly, George Johnson.” George had evidently been a good speller, but had mixed his easy and hard words and made “gang” come in the latter class when it rightly belonged to the former. The notice served its purpose, and no more orderly “cook car” could be imagined nor better-cooked food, especially chicken pie and doughnuts, than could be found on George

Johnson's boarding car. He surely inherited his cooking, as well as bossing, qualities from some mother taught in a "Missus's" kitchen of the long ago.

After the evening meal the men would gather about the little store or sit around on some logs telling jokes, playing the violin, or joining in some sweet old song till nightfall, when one by one or in groups of two or three they would quietly slip away to their cars for the night. Orderly, quiet, happy, and contented, these men fulfilled their mission by making the most of their environments and looking life square in the face, saying: "We are ready to meet it."

Thus Croley's Camp claimed a happy, jolly, crew of men, honest in their work, satisfied with their wage, and contented, which is the secret of all happiness.

One night Dr. Hite lay, half waking, half dreaming, when a shot rang out on the midnight air which echoed and reechoed till it resounded for miles around. The Doctor's first impression was to arise and see if any one was in trouble; but thinking it not necessary to take upon himself another's troubles, he turned him-

self over in bed and tried to go to sleep. But sleep seemed to have taken its flight with the sound of the shot, and he restlessly turned himself till finally he arose and dressed and walked to the railroad track to see if he could find any cause for the firing of a gun at that hour of the night. Sitting on a pile of ties which he had helped to square and finish up for laying the next track, it was not long till the regular pitpat of feet walking the cross-ties fell on his ear. The moon had just cleared the tree tops, and with his improved vision he could see the outline of a man but could not tell who he was. With a little rising of his hair as well as his person, the Doctor said: "Who's there?"

"Me," said a familiar voice. Tom Jones knew he could trust the Doctor, beside whom he had worked for many weeks making cross-ties, so he went right up to him and said: "Doctor, I'm goin' to leave the camp. Old Satan's got me again, and I'm not goin' to ask the company to bear with me any more. I know it has been all right with me ever since that meetin' in the tent that beautiful evenin' just as the sun was goin' down and Miss Kenny said: 'Men and boys, do

your best.' I just wanted to work for the Lord all the time. If a man can drink whisky by the half-gallon, he wants to work just as hard in religion; and I just have to be busy all the time. You know things has been kinder quiet awhile, and I listened to the tempter and followed Bill Sykes over yonder in the woods where there's a blind tiger. We got to drinkin' and he got quarrelsome and I shot him. He's not hurt very bad; but I'm goin' clear away so I can begin all over again. About five miles due west of the camp, in a close thicket of small trees too small to cut for several years, you'll find a little hut. In it are some barrels, and you know what's in 'em; and there are tables for gambling and plenty of old, greasy cards. I think you'd better clear 'em out before they get any more of Croley's crew. They haven't been set up long, but no tellin's the mischief they'll make in a short time."

"Tom," said the Doctor, "don't go; we'll make it all right. Straighten up and be a man, and the company will forgive you."

"No, sir," said Tom; "I've done this before; and why I went to that place I don't know. Tom

Jones surely was not himself, and I can't remember how I ever got there. I'm goin', and goin' now. My car is right here, you know, and I want you to send my trunk to Floss to-morrow, and somebody will call for it there. No use to try to find me, for I'm gone, and gone good."

With a warm handshake Tom Jones said good-by, and Dr. Hite pressing his hand said: "Tom, old fellow, I'm counting on you. Don't forget our good times together; and, Tom, try to do your best."

Next morning Tom Jones was missing in the cross-tie crew, but Mr. Croley said that Tom had been called away and would be with them no more.

Quietly but with firmness and alertness Dr. Hite and Tom Croley went about raiding the blind tiger. Finding the place from Tom's description, and knowing the men by name, they went to the county seat on the pretext of a mock trial, and secured warrants for their arrest. Having the United States Marshal, with sufficient help, on the next Friday night after Tom Jones left on Tuesday, at about ten o'clock,

they surrounded the blind tiger and closed in upon it.

Imagine men made in the image of God, with clear brain, strong body, and capable of the highest attainment, crouching in a hut in the darkness of the night, making themselves worse than beasts, drinking and carousing; then call that a good time. Abusing the freedom of their own rights and the liberty to do as they please, they do not realize that they are in a bondage worse than slavery—the bondage of sin. O that men could see the folly of taking into their systems that which transforms them into demons! And when strong, good men want to rid this country of the evil of the liquor traffic the cry goes up: "You want to take our rights from us!" Has any man the right to degrade himself, destroy his will power, and bring ruin upon himself and family?

They realized at once they were caught in the trap, and without resistance went with the officers. Only two men of Croley's Camp were found among them, the other four being residents of the country around who had been inveigled by the scout who had led Tom Jones

to it. The money piled on the table where a heated game of cards was being played was divided among its rightful owners, and all were provided with horses to ride to the car waiting to take them to Floss and thence to the county seat. Eternal vigilance was necessary to keep the camp clear of such mischief as this; but when Tom Croley was on to them, they knew the "jig was up."

With all the love of man and the goodness of God, some things must be done by force; therefore legislation played its part in the freedom from this terrible traffic around the camps. But the determination of the people to be rid of this evil finally made them realize that they meant business; so they sought other fields for their lawlessness, and shook from their feet the soil that was getting to be for them too holy ground.

One other incident, and our view of Croley's Camp closes. One day in the woods a giant tree was felled, and in its crash to the ground took with it a tall, slender sapling that flew so far back when released that like a huge whip it struck Jo, the water boy, with such force it was

thought for a while he was instantly killed, that being the cause of many severe accidents in a logging camp. But it was soon found that he was only badly stunned, although his left eye was seriously injured. A stretcher was quickly made from the soft boughs of the trees, and he was carried two miles to the camp; and Tom Croley would have him carried to his car, where his wife could look after him.

Dr. Hite never left him till his wound was nicely dressed and poor little Jo was comfortable, using with as painstaking care his knowledge of the eye as if he were the most distinguished patient he had ever treated and the largest fee awaited to reward his skill. For had not Jo been his friend, his guide, his eyes when darkness shut out the light of day? Nothing of Dr. Hite's was too good for Jo; and with his skillful treatment and the motherly care and kindness of Mrs. Croley—Aunt Milly had gone to see her only sister for a month—little Jo quickly rallied and was soon out, with a bandage over one eye. For a long time he wore the white strip across his eye, and Dr. Hite prided himself that it was always white and clean.

For the small service Jo had rendered his friend one of greater merit had been returned to him; for if he had not received the best attention, he would have gone through life with but one eye. “Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *FULFILLMENT*

“We cannot change yesterday, that is clear,  
Or begin on to-morrow until it is near;  
So all that is left for you and for me  
Is to make to-day as sweet as can be.”

 O busier body in all Floss could be found than May Kenny as the next Christmas holidays approached, sweetening each day as it came to her with loving deeds for some one. Her mind was full of the things she wanted to do, and never an idle moment lingered unused or languished upon her busy hands.

The months she had spent as a member of Mrs. Regent's household had been the happiest in her work, for she was now beginning to see some results of her labor. And the transformation of the rough lumber camp into a town of beauty was viewed as a miracle to all who beheld it now.

With her anxiety to answer every call, to visit the sick and stranger, to work in the

night school, and keep up the routine of work connected with the Church, one had but to look closely to see that the work was telling on her slight frame, adding to that deepening shadow that was overspreading the life of her other self and the buried love that lay unknown to others in the grave of her heart.

With the good-by the tie that bound her heart to the heart of George Gaylor seemed suddenly to have snapped; for no line of correspondence had ever passed between them. But as it was a cord of affection which severs slowly and heals but poorly, throughout the night time could be heard the drip, drip of her heart's blood in its ebbing flow.

She felt that to have his letters come would have made it harder for her to keep on with her work; he felt that a manly love had been rejected, and was cut to the quick at the injury.

How many times he wanted to send a letter pouring out his heart to the only woman he ever loved, but stubbornly persisted in his silence! How many times would a cheery letter have brushed away all the care from her

brow, and the tired feeling that often threatened to overcome her would have passed away! But instead she could only recall the memory of that last night when he said: "I, too, shall go away; but you will not know where." How she had longed to know whether he had gone East or West, to the land of the North or the land of the tropics! If she could have pictured him somewhere, under some conditions, it would have been a comfort to her but for her to know only that he was gone—it seemed almost like he had gone into eternity.

But while the little deaconess did not idly grieve nor foolishly bemoan the love she had given in exchange for her work, her life was touched into warmth and sympathy not only from deep religious principles, but because she loved and was loved. Who is not better for having loved? If the great passion, love, has not been kindled in the human breast, then is life unresponsive to the higher claims, and is cold, metallic, and unattractive.

The autumn days had been filled with many pleasant surprises for her Baraca boys, they having received this week invitations to a hunt-

ing party made attractive by pictures of guns, pointers, or game. But it was a hunting party for other boys. Again it was a fishing trip, large draughts of fishes, with the words: "I will make you fishers of men." Then would come a real outing which all would enjoy.

Although the maw of the mill seemed insatiable and devoured many magnificent trees that told the history of a century in their hearts, there were a few historic trees within the limits of the lumber company's territory which were spared. Under the shade of these trees many pleasant outings were enjoyed by the people of Floss, who told over and over again the stories which lingered about them and fluttered in the breeze that fanned them year after year.

One was a beautiful walnut tree under which they always gathered at nutting time, enjoying a meal in picnic fashion and gathering basketfuls of the rich, large nuts for winter use. It was about three miles from Floss, near a little stream which threaded its way through a beautiful farm, standing on a hill and somewhat apart from the trees that fringed the brook on each side. This tree, tall and stately yet

graceful, with its long, plumelike foliage, sheltered many a passer-by from storms which threatened to drench both man and beast. In the heat of a long march it was a cool shelter from a burning sun to a company of soldiers in the War between the States, and its rich nuts nourished many fainting from fatigue who were traveling thereby. It also shaded and made cool a well whose water had quenched the thirst of thousands. Its majestic bearing and dignity seemed to protect it and make one feel that it were a sacrilege to mar so beautiful a specimen of tree life.

Another was a magnolia tree from which, perhaps, the magnolia tree of Arkansas has sprung; and when the warmth of spring had opened its pure, white blossoms, many picnics were enjoyed under its spreading shade.

Many years ago a young man from Arkansas sought the hand of a fair girl in Southern Louisiana. They went to the farm that touched the edge of the large forest which the Floss Lumber Company now owns, and there in happiness and contentment began to improve the home that was theirs. In a few months the

husband sickened and died, leaving the young wife heartbroken and alone. In looking over his wedding garments she found some seeds which he had evidently gathered at the time of their marriage. She planted them at the head of his grave, and there sprang up a beautiful tree with rich, glossy foliage that was always green. She knew it was the magnolia of Louisiana, the tree of the sweet-scented and pure-white blossoms, and the home of the mocking bird. What more beautiful monument could be had than this evergreen tree, representing life eternal, its pure blossoms emblematic of the good life of her departed one, inviting the song birds to nest therein and sing to him their sweet melodies when she was gone! For more than half a century this magnolia tree has marked the place where a lover-husband lies sleeping, hidden all too soon from the girl wife who had come to a strange land a bride for his home; but it also marks the gift to Arkansas of the tree emblematic of eternal life, purity, and of love itself. Dare one with impious hand touch the tree which, with widespreading arms, cool, restful shade, and perfumed breezes stands

sentinel over the sleeping one who brought this gift to Arkansas?

Ruthless hands have sent to the ground many such trees which told in fruit or flower, shelter or shade the story of beneficence or beauty to the passer-by, which, like a fallen life, hides its story in hasty decay. To those we would say with the poet: "O, spare that tree."

Long enough before Christmas to hear from the parents of each boy in her class May Kenny wrote of her plan to give them a surprise on Christmas eve. She wanted to have an old-fashioned Christmas tree, with a gift to each one from the home folks, however far away, as well as the little gifts she was preparing for them. Not one was overlooked; and in the days before Christmas mysterious little packages came from the coal fields of Pennsylvania to Florida's orange land, from Virginia's old aristocracy to the new-born families of the West—even reaching to the Golden Gate of California and the snow-bound land of Alaska—gifts for the boys who had, like young eaglets, left the home nest and wandered to Arkansas and there had found a friend. Not until the

last mail before Christmas did all the presents arrive; and with that satisfied feeling that possessed her when her plans were perfected, she gave the finishing touches to this tree with its varied gifts from various places. The most perfect pine of the forest around sparkled in the light of the myriad candles that tipped every bough, while graceful festoons of pop corn and cranberries brightened it into a thing of rare beauty.

After pleasant greetings the door was opened into the dining room, where the boys (for they were all boys to her while in her care) were allowed to rush in as they did when in their childhood days the Christmas tree burst upon them in all its magic beauty and wonderful surprises. A tin horn for one, a jumping jack for another, and so on—a simple, childish gift for every one made the hour merry with fun and laughter such as they had not enjoyed since they were children around the tree at home. But carelessly scattered about the base of the tree and hanging from its low branches were the real gifts. In the stockings which she had made for them were the gifts from mother,

Habendum, Cresset, Ma.





just as she had wrapped them, with a message of love in her own handwriting sealed with a kiss from her loving lips. The intuition of each mother had caused her to send just the gift each boy wanted—a good knife for one, a late book for another, a fancy tie for the one who loved dress, and so on through the list. Their eyes sparkled with pleasure when they saw the Baraca arm bands which Miss Kenny had made, and, with deep wonder that she could do so much, received a pocket Testament with the subjects and texts for the Sunday school lessons for a whole year written with her own hand on the fly leaf of the book.

It is needless to say it was a happy evening for teacher and pupils; and when with a hearty wish for a merry Christmas the boys bade good-night, she said: "Go and sing some of your pretty songs for lame Tim. I know he will enjoy it." They heartily responded; and not only Tim, but every one who was shut in from sickness or sorrow at this joyous season, received a glad message of peace and good will from deep voices which sang of the peace within their own hearts. With life aglow with such happiness,

sleep is not only a stranger but an unwelcome guest; so at a late hour the boys with happy hearts lay down for a short rest, dreaming that all the world was fair, that mother was near, and that Miss Kenny was always doing something for them.

That Christmas eve was the beginning of other revelations in the home that was hers these busy, happy months. The preacher had witnessed the happy scene of the Christmas tree, and found it such a good place that he was loath to leave. After the boys were gone there were many things yet to be done—for who was ever ready for Christmas? There are some who make it a burden and steal from themselves and friends the real joy of the season with expensive presents and trespassing into sanctuaries with gifts where only holy feet should tread—those feet shod with the preparation of love. But on the whole the real spirit of Christmas enters the heart, and as the day nears the heart expands and takes within itself many more than at first planned. So with this happy household, as with many others, mysterious packages were slipped here and there, telltale paper

rattled as never before, and secrets were flying in the air.

Still the preacher stayed, till finally Mrs. Regent said: "You must go and get some rest, or you will not feel like holding the Christmas service to-morrow."

It seemed that he never felt so lonely in all his life as when he knew he must leave this sweet, happy place, where everything showed the touch of a woman's hand, to go to his bachelor quarters, which now seemed so dull and dreary. For a moment his great, dark eyes rested upon Miss Kenny in full appreciation of what she had done for the men and boys whom she had made so happy that evening; then with that loving restfulness which seemed to say, "O heart, I have found a home," they dwelt upon the face of the friend and companion. May's eyes had dropped their lids beneath the gaze which she mistook, and did not see the story they told to the one by her side: that love had sprung up, full-grown, in a single hour and asserted the right to be sovereign of his life—not a love that must be fed by daily attentions to perfect, but, like Minerva springing full-grown from the

brain of Jupiter, perfect and complete as soon as it entered his heart and life.

In a moment he could see the vision of a resting place where the weary years of wandering and lonely hours would be changed to the perfect home life of which he had so often dreamed. If he could begin now and let the blessed Christmas find him a happy man, what joy would be his! But, taking out his watch, he found it nearly two o'clock. Realizing that he was making a spectacle of himself, he said: "Did you say I must go, Mrs. Regent?"

"Yes, really you must go."

With a hasty good night he went out into the cold, a sad, lonely man, but with a ray of hope shining in his heart as bright as the star in the East which pointed the wise men and the lowly shepherds to where there was peace and joy on that first Christmas night.

And ever as the ages have passed love has brought happiness to the hearts of the rich and the poor, the lowly and the great, no less to the peasant than to the king on his throne—love that lights the whole world, without which it is a darksome way. "O love that wilt not let me

go" was the love that he had found, which had brought to him peace and joy on this Christmas night.

Need we words to tell our love? Does not the flower breathe it in the perfume or whisper it in the blossom when sent by a loving hand? Do we not see the love of the Father in the sunshine, the air, and the song of the birds, all telling that God is love? Are not the eyes the windows of the soul through which must gleam the story of the heart? So with no word to confirm her convictions, deep in her heart Mrs. Regent knew that, as many years ago a Saviour was born in Bethlehem, this night in Floss a love had been born and she was worshiped at its shrine. What woman does not know when she is loved and feels the thrill which sends new life into her being? Dare she revel in the joy of being loved when for six years she had felt that all her life would be spent as these, filled with a loneliness and longing for the one who was gone from her? To-night he seemed very near and saying: "Why weep, my love, for me? Another seeks thy hand; choose him and be happy." Her dreams that night were haunted

with large, dark eyes pleading for the cheer and comfort which she alone could give ; yet she turned him out in the dark, cold night and said : "Yes, you must go."

The morning brought joy to many hearts, but none more real than to the little deaconess who had done so much to bring joy to others. In return for her remembrance to everybody, everybody seemed to have remembered her. Even the little children whose hands she had directed in packing a box for an orphanage before the holidays had not forgotten her ; and their simple gifts had made her happy. The boys had left on her table a beautiful Baraca pin and a check drawn on the Bank of Heaven for three hundred and sixty-five days of joy and happiness, not knowing how soon the check would be presented by the payee in person.

But a brief day brought no rest to the tired body of the deaconess ; for if it was not duties which she sought, it was pleasures which others craved. Thus was the whole week one round of excitement, with little of the quietude which she so sorely needed.

Two days after Christmas she gave an enter-

tainment called "The Cry of the Children," representing the nations and the different lines of child labor in our country which are sapping the life from the children of to-day and giving to the world wizened, stunted men and women instead of the stalwart sons and daughters which are her natural heritage. The little boy of the glass factory was there with his little lantern to pilot him home in the early morning hours before the sun peeped forth to herald another day. The children of China, Korea, and Japan made a plea for the gospel to light the playgrounds of their lands. The little girl of the factory was represented, who stood all day mending the broken threads in the cloth woven in the big factory which was the only place she knew outside the two-roomed house like hundreds of others in the mill section where she lived. When asked if she wanted to go to heaven, she said: "No; I want to play some first." Even the baby of the land was there—not His Imperial Majesty of the happy household many of us know, but the neglected, deserted baby with no parents, or worse than none, left alone or in the alley with other unfortunates, their only friend

being the city missionary or the deaconess who cares for them all the day. The little boy of the coal chute, the paper mill, and every other enterprise which reaches out for the young life in its greed for gain—all were represented. After each one had come forward and made its piteous appeal, from the need of the gospel to the natural instincts of childhood that had been outraged and left it no playtime, Miss Kenny in passionate words told how, as a band of women, the missionary societies of the Church had heard the cry of the children to which they had just listened, and were trying to answer that wail with the gift of the gospel-trained workers to care for the submerged mass that knows no God and fears no man, playgrounds, kindergartens, schools; and in every way that sorrow, sin, and ignorance could be obliterated these women were meeting the problem before us to-day. Never were words spoken more feelingly nor hearts more touched by a missionary appeal. The men and women thronged about her, begging her to accept sums of money, large and small, promising a regular contribution to carry on this work. Thus the fulfillment of the words, "and a little

child shall lead them," resulted in an organized plan for the cause of missions from which sprang many personal responsibilities in the support of missionaries.

Her report to the Board for that quarter showed a larger garner of sheaves for the Master, and has been counted the best ever made by a worker in the field.

So on and on as the days sped by she filled each one with loving deeds and helpfulness to the many who were touched by her presence.

With hands laden with sheaves for the Master,  
She closed the work of a year to-day;  
Both flowers and fruit she gathered  
And scattered along her way.

## CHAPTER IX

### *CLOSING OF THE FLOWER*

“To-morrow, God, O sweet to-morrow,  
Untouched and pure that New World lies,  
Thy world and mine; a golden strand,  
A golden dawn in cloudless skies—  
To-morrow is my Fairyland.”



GAIN has the wheel of time in its slow and measured turn made its many revolutions, and now leaves us upon the threshold of a new year. Let us not look at the old pilgrim burdened with his twelve months of toil, oft-times fraught with sorrow and disappointment, but gaze into the bright face of the new-born year and there find hope, brightest of all gems, emblazoned upon it, which gives us new courage to brave any danger, meet any joy, or bear any disappointment that might be in store for us.

Softly and at the midnight hour did the old pilgrim slip away into the past, and the young year with its future now starts upon his journey

to bestow upon mankind his precious gifts which he ekes out a moment at a time. How many golden gifts set with sixty diamonds must be accounted for at the day of reckoning, gifts of time that have been frittered away with no good deed to crown them!

Not so with May Kenny. The new year found her as busy as the old one had left her; and, unlike the young girl who was startled by a dream in which she saw herself dead at sixty years old without the record of a single good deed to her credit, May Kenny was doing more in her short span of years than many who are allowed to serve their threescore years and ten. Hers was truly a "long life distilled to a mere drop, falling like a tear upon the world's cold cheek to make it burn forever."

With no further resolution than that embodied in her favorite poem, "Let Me Live Grandly," she entered into the new year with a heartiness of one who realizes that time is short, eternity is long, and that they who would know the Father must use well the precious moments here.

“Give me the man soul, God—pure, brave, serene—  
    To meet these days,  
Ready to walk, head high, with firm, sure tread  
    The year’s strange ways.  
Make me to fill each day with work well done.  
I would be soul-poised, great in gentleness,  
    Gentle in power,  
Rich in self-giving, pouring life and love  
    Into each hour.  
Let me live grandly, seek the things that last,  
    Press toward love’s goal;  
Win—jewels? Fame? Nay, better; when earth’s past,  
    Stand a crownèd soul!  
So be my helper, Father; comfort me  
    With staff and rod  
Till I shall give thee back thy year well lived  
    For man and God!”

No more perfect fulfillment of the poet’s beautiful words was ever seen than in the daily life of May Kenny, whose every moment was lived grandly for man and God. “One more day’s work for Jesus” was the sweet refrain that closed each day and rounded out “one less of life” for her. She said: “All truths have not come from books—many lessons of love, faith, and patience have been learned from the lives of men and women whom I have touched. Step by step God has led me—sometimes through the mystery of suffering, sometimes through the dark-

ness of sorrow, ofttimes through the joy of service—but all have led me closer to him.” Thus had her life transformed itself into a majesty of radiant and beneficent peace, blessing all mankind with its message.

Late in February Mrs. Bright was taken ill of pneumonia, and would be satisfied with no one to wait upon her but Miss Kenny. Everything was against her—age, irregular habits, and a weakness from an attack of the same disease when she was a child in Mississippi. But, like a Trojan, Miss Kenny fought the enemy, using her own skill in nursing and conserving that of Dr. Chappell in his absence, till on the seventh day Mrs. Bright passed the crisis and was considered out of danger.

An all-day service had been planned for some time, at which all the organizations of the Church were to take part, each showing its mission and what was being done by it. Miss Kenny had come home from Mrs. Bright’s just the night before, and Mrs. Regent urged her to stay at home and rest; but she felt she would be untrue if she remained at home to rest when so important a service was being held.

No one knew with what effort she went through the meeting nor noticed till after it was over that she was pale and almost trembling. But with her fortitude she insisted that the walk home in the bracing air would revive her and she would be all right. Thinking that Miss Kenny could do everything, bear anything, no one noticed the tired look from her eyes and that the corners of her mouth were a little more drawn and a listless feeling was creeping over her. As the morning-glory closes its petals before the strong light of the day, so did this Morning-Glory begin to close the delicate blossom of her life in the morning of the year and before the noontide of her life.

After a brisk walk in the crisp February air laden with the breath of the pines, Miss Kenny felt much better and gladly took the proffered paper handed her by Mr. Kromer.

She lingered in the sitting room and enjoyed the cheerful fire till Mrs. Regent came from an errand which had detained her.

Just as Mrs. Regent entered the room May's eyes fell on the headline, "Elmer Joy Disappeared," and she said: "Little one, how are you?"

just in time to see the paper drop and her head fall backward.

When May Kenny opened her eyes, she was lying on the bed in her room, and Dr. Chappell said: "I am surprised to find you so unwise in some things when you are so wise in others. Do you think you are made of iron and steel? Even they have a breaking point."

"Yes, Doctor," she said. "Everything has a breaking point except the spiritual self. I was unwise, maybe." She thought her spirit would soon be freed from human weakness and know no breaking point. She needed nothing but rest and delicate nourishment. He would come again in the morning.

After he was gone she asked Mrs. Regent to hand her the paper again, and she showed her what was breaking her heart. Her worst fears were realized; and the cloud that had overspread the life of her little sister had broken into a storm that threatened to engulf her, and the great sorrow was more than she could bear. Too well she knew the good heart that beat in the breast of Elmer Joy, but who in a great temptation had been swept from his feet. A jovial fellow

whose least whim had always been gratified, he could not muster courage to stop the rapid gait into which he had of late fallen. "If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses?"

Next morning Miss Kenny's condition was so alarming that consulting physicians were called in, and examinations disclosed conditions of her heart which revealed the fact that she might leave them at any time.

As the lodestone draws the magnet, so the prayers of May Kenny drew George Gaylor from his listless wanderings; and on New Year's night he resolved in his heart that he would cease his travels and turn his face toward home. As well try to "flee the wrath to come" as hide from the prayers of May Kenny, which had followed him everywhere he went. Did he seek the pleasures of the world in the dance, the sweet spirit of May flitted about him at every turn; did the card table find him seeking amusement, her eyes looked out from the cards in sweet chiding; and in whatever way he sought to drown his memory of her and her influence she seemed to be there pleading for his life for God.

Completing but part of the tour he had planned, he left the Old World, seeking in the new but one image—that which had been in his heart since he said good-by nearly two years ago.

From accident rather than from choice his course took him by way of Galveston again, and he was pleased to see that the Home Mission Society had opened a Christian Immigrant Home, with workers to greet the helpless people, but only one where many were needed.

Taking the first train home, he was shocked to hear that May Kenny was ill, with no hope of recovery. Without waiting for further news he took the first train for Floss, which, from a wreck, was delayed till his loved one had gone on swift wings to another world.

In the days through which she lingered she sent messages of love to little sister, praying that all would be well; and hoping, ever hoping that some word might come from George.

On Tuesday afternoon the news was scattered that the little deaconess was dying. The people of Floss had been very considerate and left her quiet these first days of her illness, hoping she would recover; but when the news came that she

was dying, work was dropped and pleas were made to see her. Realizing that the end was very near, she asked Dr. Chappell to give her something to strengthen her but not to make her unconscious when the end came.

About four o'clock the people from the mill and all over the town began to come, Mr. Gatewell kindly excusing any employee who wanted to see Miss Kenny before she went to the glory land.

Sitting up in bed (for that was the only way she could breathe), with face as white as the snowy pillow upon which it rested, her eyes luminous with the light of heaven and her smile showing already the glory of the other world, she spoke to every one by name and had a message for each one. Her great desire to save souls stayed with her to the last, and many in the throng about her bedside found for the first time the Saviour of their souls.

Her Baraca boys were all there, and many others whom she had tried to win for the Master. Jealous that any opportunity might pass and a soul be left unsaved, she rallied all her strength, and said to each one as they passed her bedside

and clasped her weak, frail hand: "Are you a Christian?" If perchance one said, "No," she asked him to kneel and say with her, "I can be and I will," not letting him pass till he found the Lord. Thus at the portals of heaven itself many were born into the kingdom; and if there be "joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," what a rejoicing amidst the angels there must have been then! Like the blessed Master whom she followed, she wrought much in life; but only eternity will reveal the great work her death accomplished. Till late in the evening the people kept coming, her vitality surprising the physician, who silently realized that her strength came from the Great Physician.

About eight o'clock she asked to be alone with Mrs. Regent, telling her again and again that it was all right, sending messages to different ones, with the words: "I'll be waiting for you and them. Now I must tell you George is coming, but it is too late for me. I know it is well with his soul." Before the light of this world closed in upon her she said: "I always knew it would be all right, but I never knew it would be so sweet

to go. It is so sweet! It is so sweet! It is almost time for my next report, but now I will make it in heaven. Tell the Board if I could have had my choice of the whole world I would rather have been sent to Floss than any other place. I have been so happy here."

In her wandering mind during the short time of unconsciousness before the Father took her she said: "Has George come? Yes, George, it is all right."

While her life was so gently slipping away and the Morning-Glory was closing before its noon-day sun, George Gaylor was speeding on the fastest train to the bedside of his dying loved one. He knew that through all these months of unstinted service she had needed him, maybe had called for him, but his dull ears had not caught the message that was wafted to him day after day. O, why didn't he start sooner? But where was Floss, and who thought she would there hear the call of the other world for perhaps greater service?

In the holy hush of that hour the few watchers, Dr. Chappell, Mrs. Regent, and the preacher, who had been, as she said, father, brother, and

friend, felt that but a thin veil separated them from the glory land.

Poor Mrs. Bright refused to be comforted, and sat in the hall by the open door weeping and watching with the others till the last. Her tribute to Miss Kenny was not in dainty flowers to breathe out their message on the casket which held her loved form; but each day of her illness she brought fresh eggs and a pitcher of sweet cream, allowing Lady and her newest pet, Jersey, to lend in service to the friend who had done the most for her. No heart was sadder when they bore her away than poor Mrs. Bright, whose name belied the hard, weary days that marked her span of years which Miss Kenny had cheered more than any one she knew.

As the new day quietly slipped in upon the watchers, May Kenny's spirit sweetly slipped away to the God who gave it, leaving the tired, worn little body to the care of the loved ones about her. All that loving hands could do was to fold away the garment with which her spirit had been clothed, and await the resurrection, when she would be clothed in the robes of righteousness.

No one in Floss but the station agent knew that the regular train, due at 8 P.M., was late. All thoughts were centered upon Miss Kenny's going away; and no one noticed the shrill whistle that cut the midnight air as the train rumbled in a few minutes later. Among the passengers who left the train was one young man who was restless, nervous, and anxious. He went to the hotel, and there asked the clerk if he knew how Miss Kenny was, and heard with a dull thud at his heart that she had just died a few minutes before. All night he walked the floor of his room at the hotel, his mind harrowed with the words, "Too late! too late! too late!" O fate that kept him from his love these last moments—cruel, relentless fate that withheld him, while his heart yearned to see her once more in life! He wanted to go and claim her in death; but not wanting to make a spectacle of himself, he refrained, and attended the funeral at the church as any other member of that grief-stricken town.

Sitting at the back near the door, he could have touched her coffin as they bore her in. How could he sit and let other hands than his

bear his only love? Eighteen young men, wearing the Baraca arm bands which she had made the Christmas before, tenderly, reverently, and lovingly bore the casket up the aisle and rested it near the sacred place where many times her voice had told them of a Father's love. The mill had closed for this last sad tribute to her, and the church could not hold all who wanted to show their love for their friend.

Never were words more feelingly spoken nor hearts more sweetly comforted than from the overflowing heart of Brother Deland, speaking from the words: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." He forgot himself, forgot everything except that Miss Kenny's life, though closed on earth, had just begun in heaven, and that her works would follow her as a great work in which many would yet be brought to Christ. The preacher never was so stirred in the depths of his soul, and all said that they never before heard such words fall from human lips. One exception was George Gaylor, who sat unconscious that any word was

being said; for nothing had fallen upon his ear but the sermon of her life, lived in purity and perfection ever since he had known her. What need he hear words about his loved one? All through the service his mind was going over the times she had begged him to give himself to God; and there she lay before him, dead, and he could not tell her how sorry he was for the great mistake he had made. Had the people learned he had come for her, and were they leaving him alone with her? Yes, they were going, and he would soon be alone; and then he could pour out his anguish over her dead body and maybe find some relief for his pent-up feelings. He had not seen the eighteen young men pledge themselves over her body that they would meet her in the glory land, and ask the privilege of keeping watch over her throughout the night till the early morning train which would bear her away to the old home in Georgia; and he wondered why they lingered.

Sending his card to Mrs. Regent, whom he selected as her companion, she came at once and gave him a warm handgrasp. She told the boys a friend claimed the privilege of the nightwatch,

and they affectionately bade good-by to their friend and helper.

As the night closed upon George, alone with his love in the little church where so much of her life had been given, her spirit seemed to soothe his troubled heart as he felt nothing could. She seemed to be yet pleading with him to give his heart to God; and there in the little church beside the sleeping form of his loved one he found the peace which his soul had sought in all his wandering.

As the sun feebly showed the first sign of day, the preacher came to relieve him of his watching and give him time to prepare for his sad journey home.

“You have had a lonely night, my brother.”

“O, no,” said George; “it has been a sweet night in that I have found the Lord.”

The two shook hands, and then the preacher knew he could talk to him who was no stranger now. “I have prepared to take Miss Kenny home. May I accompany you?”

“Why, certainly, Brother Deland, I’ll be glad to have you. But I think it is an unnecessary trip. Suppose you go as far as the capital, though.”

At Little Rock dear Brother Goodman met them, begging that the body of Miss Kenny might rest in their home the few hours of waiting they must spend there. They had loved her so in life that they rightly claimed the privilege of some loving service in death; so, tucking some flowers here and there, adding a bit of soft lace for her burial robe, and receiving the benediction that the presence of her body left in their home, they too bade good-by to their friend and coworker till they should meet in the realms beyond.

Everything was done to keep her body where she had so beautifully served, promising a monument that would do credit to her memory; but the loved ones of the old home had a former claim, and the form of mother lay sleeping in Georgia's beautiful churchyard. Thence she was taken, and there beneath the flowers was she laid to rest.

As the natural flower opens again its petals to the sun, so this Morning-Glory closed her life to open it again to the Sun of Righteousness.

## CHAPTER X

*AFTER A WHILE*



BUSY stir among the feminine folk of Floss foretold an event of much importance, even though it was a women's meeting. The men knew it to their discomfort; for it was house-cleaning time. They were asked to lunch at the hotel or eat on the back porch, sleep in a different room, and imagine, if possible, that it was home, sweet home.

Everything was topsy-turvy, and nothing could be found. If Mr. Jones wanted to lose the worries of the day in a cloud of smoke, which curled gracefully from his brier-root pipe, Mrs. Jones told Mary to look in the back hall where the library table was, on which were piled pictures, books, and all sorts of bric-a-brac; but under the sheet which protected all from the flying dust was father's burnt-wood box, holding all his smoking outfit. Father would have gone long without his pipe if he must find it; and this but pictured the state of every household in Floss.

For it takes a woman's eye to see the dust of another's household, even though she may have plenty of her own.

So there was a flutter and a stir that everything be spick and span for the women who were to come from all over the State.

When the last pie, with its beautiful frilled edge, was placed on the shelf beside its many counterparts, Mrs. Rhodes said: "Well, it is a trouble to have the meeting at your own home. When I went to Joneston last year, everything passed off so smoothly; and who would ever have thought it was so much trouble to find homes for them. Yes, everybody is nice and takes some one; but then they didn't know Mary Bell was going to have the measles, or Johnny Jones the mumps, or that Mrs. S. would have no cook, or that company would come in on others, or that many unexpected troubles would arise all at once. After every one is assigned to a home and the committee is worn to a frazzle, Mrs. B. hears that an old schoolmate is coming and she wants to swap guests with another. Mrs. A. and Mrs. J. come from the same place and have one trunk in common, there-

fore the pawns of the checkerboard must be moved again and the whole plan of the game changed. Mrs. C. has corns and must be near the church, and she must exchange places with Mrs. Q. Then there are a dozen or more who have not sent their names—no one knew they were coming—yet they must be welcomed with a smile. I do declare, women should be more thoughtful."

Yet with all this worry and fixing, who can say that great things did not come from that meeting and many others of like intent and incidental worries?

The soft, warm days of springtime had not only mellowed the cold earth from a cold, cheerless February, when all the town was bowed in grief over the loss of their loved deaconess, Miss Kenny, to a bright, beautiful May day filled with the perfume of flowers, but their sorrow too had softened under the influence of the Comforter, and the memory of her was the sweetest recollection in all the history of Floss.

More than usual interest was centered in this Conference when it was known that from its General Board Miss Kenny received her com-

mission to serve them as deaconess. Although every heart showed the disappointment in not having Miss Kenny with them in the flesh, yet the sweet spirit of her life so pervaded the meeting that every one present felt the holy influence that rested on them like a benediction. Like a seed that had fallen into the ground and quickened into new life manifold, her spirit seemed to have entered the hearts of every one there and quickened them into lives of fruitful bearing.

Not only were the hundreds made better whose lives she had touched, but many felt constrained to give themselves to definite service, choosing as their badge the simple costume that marks the order of the deaconess.

A beautiful tribute to her memory was the gift of \$3,000 for a May Kenny deaconess scholarship, by which her name would be perpetuated in that Conference and a new worker take her place in the field every year.

Thus we see in part why the Father called her to himself; for "he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto the Father."

The visitors carried with them not only visions of a perfect life, but the memory also of a model town of the twentieth century.

Added to the conveniences of former times was the motor car which quickly took visitor, doctor, or manager to the camps fifteen or twenty miles away. But for an outing nothing was equal to the logging train, which took jolly parties to the woods for recreation. The up-to-date hospital with the best equipment furnished relief and splendid care for the sick or injured, and every convenience seemed to have been utilized for the expediency, comfort, and pleasure of the workers.

Another night the train was late—a dark, rainy Friday night—and a woman with a baby was a passenger for Floss. The baby was tired, restless, and sleepy, the woman worn with the care of the baby and presenting an appearance not altogether pleasing. Why should a woman travel with a baby? Would you confine her always to the narrow precincts of the home because, forsooth, a baby opens its eyes to her in this wonder world?

The hotel man's big, kind eyes showed his

big, kind heart, and with a tenderness akin to woman's he received the worn little woman with the tired little baby, wondering why women attempt such hard things in life. Placing her in a room next to his wife's and keeping his ear attuned to answer the cry of the baby, he dropped off to sleep and dreamed that an angel had come to them unawares because he was "not forgetful to entertain strangers."

No prospect of any fee had entered the mind of Mr. Caraway when the little woman appeared at his desk—not that she was a pauper guest, but from a peculiarity unknown to other hotel men there were some people from whom no amount of persuasion would induce him to take a fee. Such was his guest this late, rainy Friday night, and his home was opened to her with the welcome of a prince. She forgot she was in a hotel for many reasons, among which was the fellowship of the guests that made it like a big family.

Next morning the sun chased away every cloud, and the tired, worried feeling of mother and baby had gone with the night, and all was bright and fair that June morning.

That afternoon Mrs. Caraway wanted to take her guest to the clubhouse, for it was ladies' day, and that was a happy event of the week.

Two ladies welcomed them, and in the few minutes before other ladies came they went through the building. The broad veranda all around was but a type of the breadth and scope of the work within. The spacious hall, where were comfortable leather seats, a fountain dashing its spray of clear water, a big clock—every-thing to attract the visitor was there. To the right was the library, well lighted and filled with choice books; to the left were parlors, with grand piano and beautiful furniture; to the back were billiard room, dining room, and kitchen; above were gymnasium and auditorium, perfect and complete enough to do credit to any city. Soon the ladies came, and a delightful afternoon it was.

Mrs. Wilkins announced that they would read the latest home mission book, and while some sewed their fancywork or simply rested and enjoyed the hour she read of the great work the women are trying to do.

After a social hour over the refreshments, the

stranger guest said to Mrs. Caraway on their way to the hotel: "How long have you had these delightful days at the clubhouse?"

"Ever since Miss Kenny started them, more than a year ago. We never miss ladies' day."

Next day at the post office the stranger heard a little boy say to Mrs. Regent as he passed her: "Mrs. Regent, don't you miss Miss Kenny?"

"Why, certainly, Dennis. Did you know her?" Seeing that he was a little boy of a Roman Catholic family, she knew that he had never enjoyed her clear Bible stories which the other children had, but he had heard her cheery "Good morning," and knew of her kindness to lame Tim.

"Sure I did, and I certainly miss her," said the boy with a real bereavement. "She was so good to everybody. And when she said 'Good-morning,' it seemed like she was wishing you a real good morning, and an all day too."

From such words as these the stranger learned that the influence of May Kenny's life rested on that town like a halo of light, touching everything with a sweet sacredness.

After a visit which was restful and refreshing, the woman with the baby returned to her home.

Not long after Mrs. Caraway received a letter from her, saying: "The Lord has been good to me and given me a large possession. I send a tenth to build a May Kenny Memorial Church which shall be more adequate to your needs, and allow me to honor the most beautiful life it has been my pleasure to know. 'Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; honor to whom honor.' "

Feeling that the little church had been hallowed by the presence of their now sainted deaconess, they used the material in building a parsonage, which now sits in the shade of the new stone church.

Again the Christmas holidays drew near, and the parsonage was finished except for the few touches here and there which make a house take on a homelike appearance.

One evening, as the December darkness closed in and shut out the thoughts of the day, the preacher walked over to the home where the morning-glories festooned the room in white, where lived the one his heart had enthroned on that Christmas night a year ago, and he said: "The parsonage needs a preacher, and the

preacher needs a wife. I too have a room in morning-glories, in memory of our sainted little friend, the Morning-Glory of Floss. Will you come?"

